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Sex and honor on Capitol Hill

The Democrats' foreign policy • *Christopher Lasch on childhood*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE DIRTY SECRET OF THE DEBATE BOOKS

by Henry Fairlie

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CORRESPONDENCE

WEST BANK ACCOUNTS

To the editors:
Irving Howe's difficulty in assessing a Jewish situation fairly is again evident in his article "The West Bank Trap" (TNR, July 4). The present situation in Israel is not so much a moral crisis as it is a crisis in social adjustment. There is as great a variety of social and intellectual backgrounds packed into little Israel today as there is in the whole wide world. This mixture will not gel until after Israel has peace and this will not occur so long as only Israel is pressured and the Arabs appeased.

Let us remember that there were not four or five separate "Arab-Israeli conflicts" since 1948. It is thus far a long, continuous thirty-five-year war which the Arab nations are waging against Israel with a few lulls to allow the Arabs to "catch their breath" before resuming attacks. There has yet been no peace for Israel since 1948.

Mr. Howe can sit safely in the United States and demand ideal behavior from Mr. Begin. Many Israelis share Mr. Howe's sentiments for political reasons; they are the political opposition. However, there are many Israelis who are sincerely opposed to Mr. Begin for moral reasons. This is to their credit. It is not so easy to stand for Peace Now while surrounded by deadly enemies.

The danger of Mr. Howe's kind of attitude is that one-sided criticism leads to condemning all Israel. He ends by saying: "Jews [not Begin or Israel] can be oppressors too." Mr. Howe's acceptance of reports that have been contradicted by other reports merely shows his prejudices.

On the one hand he says: "Jews have a moral right to live wherever they please." On the other hand he says: ". . . dropping fifteen families at the edge of an Arab town [Nablus] . . . was an act of deliberate provocation." Whom did it provoke? Was it the seven Arab nations which attacked Israel even before it was born, or was it the U.N., which established Israel and immediately became its enemy? Or was it only Mr. Howe's type of "moral critic?"

Evenhandedness, fairness, morality has always been used as a weapon against Israel, never correcting Arab bloodthirstiness. The world has always been concerned with the Arabs "saving face" in defeat. And Begin and his kind are impatient of such treatment. "Decency and common sense" would prompt seeing that side of the situation as well as the folly of desparation and extremism.

RABBI ARIO S. HYAMS
Roslyn Heights, New York

To the editors:
Irving Howe is not correct when he states that no political theorist has coped with the conflict between democracy and occupation. Thucydides, in the fifth century, B.C., reported in *The Peloponnesian War* of the warnings of Athenian statesmen regarding their conduct in annexed territories. During the debate on the Athenian occupation and conduct of Mytilene, it was stated that a "democracy is incapable of governing others."

RALPH S. BEREN
Baltimore, Maryland

To the editors:
I think Irving Howe has done well to describe the dilemma that exists in Israel today. That dilemma is inevitable given the dynamics of the situation: there is no Arab leadership to deal with. Despite Howe's intimation to the contrary, representative Arab leadership has not come forth. Instead, the West Bank—and for that matter the entire Israel problem—remains a tool for Arab politicization at the expense of the Palestinian Arabs.

Since the West Bank came under the control of Israel in 1967, there has been a search for legitimate Arab leadership to negotiate with: King Hussein of Jordan lacked the power (or the courage); indigenous Arabs yielded to the threats of the P.L.O. and the Saudis who bankrolled the disparate factions for their own purposes.

Mr. Howe is dismayed that Jews must be military governors of a region, albeit that the military government is an enlightened one. I suggest that he has taken the situation out of context of the real situation: if the local Arabs take over, there is no question that the P.L.O. will move in and subjugate the West Bank as it attempted to do in Jordan and almost succeeded in doing in Lebanon.

Mr. Howe sees the Begin government as diabolically furthering the process, yet the democratic structure of Israel is such that Begin's Likud party would be severely challenged if it did not carry out the mandate of the majority. The Likud is far from a monolithic party and has made enough mistakes over the years to make it vulnerable to criticism. I doubt whether the Likud is capable of implementing long-range planning designed to diminish the Arab population.

E. ROSENBERG
White Plains, New York

FAIRLIE'S AMERICA

To the editors:
Coming as it does on the heels of the British elections, Henry Fairlie's delightful article, "Why I Love America" (TNR, July 4), raises an interesting point: had she been a candidate for the Presidency, Mrs. Thatcher would not have been referred to by our political writers as "this extraordinary grocer's daughter," but as the "Republican candidate."

MATTHEW PATTON
St. Petersburg, Florida

To the editors:
Henry Fairlie's comments about American men—and women—are intriguing. One might add, though, that if women were more capable of intimate friendship and still do better than men at this, it might not always be that way. Women's lib, it seems to me, has done much—and will do more—to put women in the same predicament as American men. This begs the question of whether the predicament ought not to be a cause for concern.

Some would argue that there used to be (implying their erosion) some "American things" that helped determine what one was—not class consciousness, to be sure, but things like the work ethic, participation in material progress, keeping the family together, being religious, cultivating the liberal democratic civic virtues, etc. Harvey Mansfield, for instance, recently published an article in *The Public Interest* on the role of forms in democracies, the idea for which came from a Miss Manners quip regarding the necessity of not calling one's waitress Ruthie (or whatever). Mansfield is clearly worried that

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FROM WASHINGTON

SCANDALMANIA

What happened in Washington last week was the journalistic equivalent of yelling fire in a crowded theater. First came the sleazy maunderings of a sanctimonious Hollywood lawyer calling on President Reagan to spare the American people an onslaught of agony and trauma by taking possession of pornographic videotapes of members of his Administration. What a shame that the thanks of a grateful nation couldn't get equal time on the evening news or "Nightline," where this character was permitted to blather on unchallenged about his tapes. Before you could say Larry Flynt, of course, the tapes had disappeared amid the sweat socks in the lawyer's racquetball bag. (Aren't they supposed to be tennis addicts out there?)

By then the feeding frenzy had begun. Yet another meaningless event had occurred that had to be connected to the other disparate meaningless events of the last few weeks. Anyone could play, and everyone did. A friend who works on Wall Street told me that at his exercise salon he overheard a couple of prosperous-looking financial executives seriously discussing the possibility that the C.I.A. had bumped off Vicki Morgan, mistress and onetime Marquis de Sade therapist to a Presidential confidant.

The White House press corps, that much maligned beast, had no choice but to pursue the leads without fear or favor. This meant, for example, that serious people were obliged to pick up the telephone and ask their sources if they had heard the reports that a certain cabinet member had been featured on one of the tapes. Nothing was proved, and nothing got into print. It was nonetheless clear that everybody had once again underestimated the ability of a story to take on a life of its own.

At any given time in the nation's capital, reporters know and certainly suspect more than they use in print or on the air. A lot of news organizations knew in 1980, for example, that there were American hostages hiding in the Canadian Embassy in Tehran. To spare their lives, the press didn't go with that story. And now, reporters who cover Congress say that it was common knowledge on Capitol Hill that Representative Gerry E. Studds of Massachusetts was gay. Last week Mr. Studds came out of the closet and raised the perfectly legitimate question of whether his sexual orientation was anyone's business.

So there is precedent for self-restraint, and one wonders why it all went out the window during this week's bout with Sillygate. The worst thing that happened was that the real questions at the center of the episode of President Carter's briefing papers were obscured.

Two separate questions seem pertinent. The first relates to the ethics of using the "pilfered" material that found its way into the hands of the Reagan campaign. Since James A. Baker III, David R. Gergen, Francis S.M. Hodsoll, and David A. Stockman all admit to having used or condoned the use of the material, it's a question these talented and ambitious leaders of the Administration's so-called "moderate" wing will have to live with for the rest of their lives. Any student of ethics will say that it ought to make little difference whether the material they used was valuable.

But let's also remember that if the recollection of these Reaganites is accurate, their response to the stolen Carter documents was much the same as the collective "ho hum" initially put forward by every news organization in the country when the story broke last month. Only with the passage of time did it become clear that something might be amiss here. Fairness demands that even Republicans are entitled to behave like human beings.

The second "Debategate" question relates to the debate material's provenance. Was this caper part of a large, systematic scheme to infiltrate the Carter White House? Were there disgruntled people on the inside trying to undermine a sitting President? Or was this a case of one or more misguided holdover office workers passing some stuff on to friends on the outside who used it to try to impress their superiors in the Reagan campaign? Here, let's face it, we have nothing to go on except inference piled upon inference.

President Reagan has only himself to blame for the innuendo surrounding those inferences. No one forced him to politicize the Central Intelligence Agency by installing his campaign manager there and then letting him run amok and become a magnet for every suspicion that could possibly be developed out of this mess. If they think on Wall Street that Vicki Morgan was terminated with extreme prejudice, it's probably because William J. Casey is a known commodity down there.

As for the press, what has given this story legs is not the compulsion to "get" anybody, but the desire to solve a genuine mystery. It's been an entertaining mystery, and if we're lucky it'll get solved eventually. But don't count on it. We may never know how the Carter briefing material found its way onto Mr. Stockman's kitchen table. We never did find out who ordered the Watergate break-in and why, and there were a hell of a lot more investigators chasing after that story than there are chasing after this one.

One final difference between this scandal and previous ones is that you don't hear the phrase, "What did the President know and when did he know it?" That the question is hardly even being asked is testimony to Mr. Reagan's infuriating resilience. This is a man who forgot the name of the country he was in last December, who seems unsure of the names of his own staff members, and who—as the White House press corps looked on in 1981—even forgot the name of his own dog.

Still, his ability to slither out of this scandal may not last forever. Picture this scenario. It's a year from now and Mr. Reagan, running for reelection, comes under public pressure to debate his Democratic opponent. Under no circumstances can one imagine it to be in his political interest to do so; yet the political costs of chickening out may be prohibitively high. We may never know how "Debategate" occurred, but it will certainly be a factor in forcing Mr. Reagan to rectify the original caper and debate. Then it will be up to the Democrats to get revenge fair and square.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 8, 1983

SEXUAL CONGRESS

The erotic exploits of Representative Gerry Studds and Representative Daniel Crane are the hot summer's story. It has eclipsed even the terrific turmoil of the debate books, thereby setting a new record for pettiness in America's seat of power. Never mind the MX, or the contras, or the tightening of credit. The soft lights and sweet music of ten years ago are the week's focus in our legislative politics.

In a report of 154 pages, the Committee on Standards of Official Conduct has recommended to the House of Representatives that it reprimand Mr. Studds, a liberal Democrat, for the having of (homosexual) sex with a seventeen-year-old House page in 1973, and Mr. Crane, a conservative Republican, for the having of (heterosexual) sex with a seventeen-year-old House page in 1980. There is to be a vote on the reprimand some hours after we go to press, but passage seems certain. The ticket is properly balanced, and the reprimand enjoys, if that is the word, wide support. (Even Edward Kennedy, who as a Senator was under no obligation to have an opinion and who might have been wiser to keep a low profile on this particular question, supports it.) The only opposition, in fact, is coming from those who think it too lenient. The Congressmen's disgrace has furnished many with a feeling of virtue. It is, to some extent, deserved; the committee's report is in fact a tribute to the mores of our elected officials. "During the ten-year period in which these incidents occurred," it notes, "more than 850 men and women have served as members of the House [and] more than 60,000 employees have worked in the House," and only the misdeeds of these two men could be established. This is not to say that there is little love on the Hill. It was "improper sexual conduct" that the House, in the wake of last summer's allegations by a lying page named Leroy Williams, wanted to know about. Of proper sexual conduct, presumably, there is plenty. It is hard to believe that at least some of Messrs. Studds's and Crane's judges have themselves not been libidinously on the loose.

We are a little troubled by the standard of propriety that has been settled upon. The argument is made that the members of the House are *in loco parentis* in relationship to its pages. Maybe, but in many other respects Congress does not act like a parent and the pages do not act like children. Surely what the Congressmen did was thoughtless. Their position of power should inhibit them from preying upon pages for their pleasure; their position of trust should make it easier for them to say no. Still, the subject of Mr. Crane's thoughtlessness was, in the words of the report, "perhaps . . . more responsible for the sexual relationship than he was," and Mr. Studds's young friend told the investigators that he was neither threatened nor coerced, and that "essentially all I needed to do to stop the relationship was walk out the door." There is no point, in other words, in falsifying the sexual reality. Seventeen is no longer an age of innocence. This may not be an ideal, but it is a fact. The report includes the tale of a page who was dismissed from her duties because the physical consequences of a pregnancy made them too difficult to perform, and left Washington for an abortion. The Congressmen, then, were not exactly cradle-robbing. Indeed, Mr. Studds's relationship appears to have been even an affair of the heart.

"Sexgate" (it is not the gates of hell that should trouble Americans today, but the hell of gates) sheds more light upon the political reality of this country than upon its sexual reality. Briefly, the political culture of the United

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States is petty and prurient. Many of these Congressmen's constituents know more about their loins than about their votes, and care more, too. This investigation into congressional sensuality is said to have cost over a million dollars (". . . necessary resources have been provided," writes Joseph Califano, who directed the inquiry). The nation's largest newspapers, whose casting of stones at Rupert Murdoch is now a little less credible, saw page one in the story. Some of this is the ancient love of scandal; but it is part of the price, too, of the skewing of standards of political significance by Watergate. The depredations of ten years ago left the American people with an unrealistic and unwarranted obsession with the personal qualities of politicians. Obviously character matters. Obviously wrong should be punished. But the policies and principles of those who govern matter too, and probably more than their weaknesses as men and women. The public may be gravely sinned against by people whose private lives are exemplary. To be specific, we oppose Daniel Crane more for what he has done out of bed than for what he has done in bed. His bed is none of our business. For example, Mr. Crane favored the rule that would have required clinics receiving federal funds to inform the parents of teenage girls seeking contraceptive devices; we think he was wrong in that matter, but the fact that he is now revealed to have been a hypocrite as well does not make him more wrong. The attention that Messrs. Studds and Crane have received disturbs us as much as their actions. What they did was not a model of political responsibility, but neither is the sensation their deeds have caused. "Sexgate" is sleazy, but it is silly.

NOTEBOOK

□ DOLORES IBARRURI used to be a political story. Now she is a human interest story; maybe that should be satisfaction enough. It was a human interest story that John Darnton, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his remarkable reporting on the repression in Poland, filed for *The New York Times* recently. "In some ways, perhaps," his story began, "it is best not to interrogate a legend too closely." Not a rule that a reporter should live by—particularly if his story is Dolores Ibarruri. She, of course, is La Passionaria, the anti-Fascist saint of the Spanish Civil War, whose "*No pasaran*" ("they shall not pass") became the battle cry of the resistance against Franco. She is also one of the few unreconstructed Stalinists alive. After the death of the Spanish Republic, she moved to Moscow, where she mixed with some of the century's stupendous scoundrels, and became an apologist for the crimes of Communists everywhere. Now she is back in Spain, where she continues to carry the Soviet flag. She assured Mr. Darnton of her continuing admiration for Stalin. But she looks good. "She wore the same pair of black onyx and pearl-drop earrings she has worn day in and day out for forty years," Mr. Darnton writes. "Her hair, fastened in a bun in the back, peasant-style, has turned pure white. She is still tall and ascetic-looking. Her voice, described by Hemingway and others as so compelling that 'you could tell the truth of what she said,' is still deep and sonorous. . . . 'I like black dresses,' she said." Well, *pasaron*—they passed—and now she passes too, despite the fact that the political system she praises is millions of murders more monstrous than the one she fought. Not least among Spain's recent achievements is to have almost forgotten her.

□ A DEEP DIVISION has emerged in the matter of the Reagan Administration's Central America policy. Only a few weeks after the President warned of "fire in our frontyard," former ambassador to El Salvador Deane Hinton told *Newsweek* that the "Soviet bloc has come to play in our backyard." How are Latin Americans to know their place in Mister Reagan's neighborhood? But of course the United States doesn't (or shouldn't) own Central America as a homeowner owns his yards. The constant use of the term yard can do little to allay the suspicions of our southern neighbors that Washington views them as so many pieces of property.

□ GLAD TIDINGS FROM WARSAW, where, on July 6, General (and Prime Minister and Defense Minister and First Party Secretary) Wojciech Jaruzelski marked his sixtieth birthday, an occasion clinkingly celebrated throughout the Soviet bloc. Here, according to the Warsaw daily *Rzeczpospolita* for July 7, are the medals and awards bestowed upon the general: from Moscow, the Order of Lenin, the Soviet Union's most distinguished medal; from Bulgaria, the Order of Georgia Dimitrou; from Prague, the Order of Klement Gottwald; from the Mongolian People's Republic, the Order of the Combat Red Banner, the Republic's highest military honor; from East Germany, the Order of Karl Marx; from Budapest, the Order of the Banner First Class With Diamonds; from Vietnam, the Order of the Gold Star; from Bucharest, the Star of the Socialist Republic of Rumania, First Class With a Band. The most eloquent birthday tribute came from Rumania's official newspaper, *Scinteia*, which commended the general for "strengthening the Party's cohesion, the consolidation of the Party's links with the working class, with the broad masses in towns and villages, with the workers, peasants, and intellectuals, with all the patriots concerned for Poland's welfare and progress." A final medal, then, to the editorial writers of Rumania: the Order of Bologna, With Broad Masses.

□ THIRTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The trouble with the House Un-American Activities Commitee and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, according to Rep. B. Carroll Reece, (R, Tenn.), is that they are 'limited to subversion.' They can't touch such dangerous activities as the 'propagation of the so-called liberal viewpoint.' " ("The Un-Tory Activities Probe," the Editors, August 10, 1953.)

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CROSSCURRENTS

DOUBLE STANDARDS

MAYBE IT'S the heat. Maybe it's that policymakers are on vacation. Maybe it's that policy is on vacation, as the President and Congress are stalemated and yet another national commission of wiser heads is convened to resolve yet another dilemma (this time Central America). Maybe it's because we're at that saddle point in the Presidential calendar between the first two years when we debate what to do, and the last (election) year when we debate who should do it. Most likely, it's a conjunction of the stars. For whatever reason, it's high season for political ethics, as a succession of scandals, indiscretions, and more conventional conundrums tumble onto the public stage, each jostling the other for attention. They make not only good summer reading, but an instructive study in contrasts.

The questions come in a variety of shapes and sizes, from a traditional Capitol Hill sex scandal, to the misappropriations of the pilfered papers caper, to the high politics and moral dilemmas of our nuclear and Central American policies. Since it is the low politics that, as usual, has been accorded priority in the public's attention, it's the logical place to start.

Two Congressmen are to be reprimanded by the House of Representatives for having sex with congressional pages. The reprimand is the most lenient of three penalties available to the House, the more serious being censure and expulsion. To some, including a majority of NEW REPUBLIC editors (see "Sexual Congress," p. 5), even that seems harsh. Although one Congressman has already tearfully confessed to wrongdoing, his aide rather incautiously suggested that if sexual indiscretion were a disqualifying criterion, the House chamber would empty very quickly. The other Congressman defiantly declared from the well of the House that the "mutually voluntary private relationship between adults which occurred ten years ago should not by any conceivable standard of fairness, rationality, rule, or law warrant the attention or action of the House of Representatives." Yet that argument, and the leniency of the reprimand, is for me difficult to accept, since the adults in question were seventeen years old, and, moreover, stand in relation to members of Congress as wards to a guardian. Pages are high school students drawn from around the country to come to Washington to serve Congress. The question is not really one of sexual morality. Had the partners in question been nondependent and more than merely technically adult, these incidents would have merited no attention at all. But when custodians sleep with their charges, a breach has occurred. Yet the House decided on the most lenient of available punishments, arguing that no coercion or granting of favors was involved. That hardly seems the point, since coercion would have made this a species of rape, and favors a species of bribery, taking it far beyond the ken of an ethics committee. We don't need ethics committees for felonies, we have courts for that. We do need ethics committees to give judgments on breaches of trust.

In Debategate it's not clear what breach occurred, and it won't be clear until we know how the papers were acquired. The President spent half a press conference dodging the implication that if the papers were stolen that would constitute an ethical offense, though on this issue he seems to speak for a shrinking minority. It's O.K. for Gimbels to keep an eye on Macy's, but when Hitachi tries to steal from I.B.M. everyone agrees that something is wrong. It does no good to argue that the loot turned out to be worth little, unless one is willing to acquit future Willie Suttons on the grounds that their take is in inflated dollars. Nor does it do much good to argue, as the President did, that, after all, the press often accepts ill-gotten documents like the Pentagon Papers. The Supreme Court has ruled, the First Amendment guarantees, and public good demands that the press, which makes its findings public and thus democratically available to all, be accorded greater access to information, than, say computer companies or the Republican Party. Interestingly, one line of defense no longer attempted is that the culprit was acting not for personal gain but for a cause. That line was done in by Watergate. Allegiance to party is not recognized as legitimate grounds for violating rules of fair play.

What about allegiance to country? Traditionally it was thought that national morality differed from private morality: one may do things for one's country that one may not do for one's person. More is demanded of individuals, and for two reasons. Nations operate in a state of nature, while individuals enjoy the protection of the rule of law. Furthermore, nations in the abstract don't act at all; they are acted for by a cadre of fiduciaries called politicians, stewards entrusted with the welfare of the people they represent. Thus the strictist moralist among diplomats goes abroad to lie for his country because the safety of his countrymen depends on it. Lying for himself is a different story.

Which makes the current reversal of standards so curious. The transgressions of low politics, done for person or party, seem to enjoy rather lax standards. Yet in high policy questions—what may a country do—one could hardly imagine stricter standards of conduct than those demanded of the United States.

In nuclear policy there is a debate raging over the morality of deterrence, in which it is argued that any policy resting on the threat of massive retaliation against innocent populations is immoral. The fact that we live in an age in which no alternative policy—proposed, attempted, or even conceived—seems more likely to prevent nuclear catastrophe does not blunt the moral fervor of the antinuclearists.

The other great current debate concerns American involvement in Central America, and in particular the morality of supporting anti-Sandinista revolutionaries in Nicaragua. There are of course many prudential objec-

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tions to this policy—that it is too risky or too costly or simply doomed—but the principal argument is that the United States has no business trying to overthrow other governments. It is a curious standard. No one would argue that there is any moral objection to overthrowing, say, a Hitler; or to use a less hypothetical and less extreme example, it is hard to see the moral problem with American help for Afghan rebels or the non-Communist guerrillas in Cambodia. We're dealing not with an absolute prohibition against overthrowing governments, but with a more difficult question: at what point does a regime become so threatening to its neighbors and so oppressive to its own people that aiding its overthrow becomes morally justified? The current debate in Congress, which centers on the question of whether the Administration is simply trying to stop gunrunning to El Salvador or whether it is intent instead on "illegally" trying to overthrow the Sandinista government, does not even ask the question; it proceeds from the assumption that overthrow is *a priori* an illegitimate objective.

These standards are very high, and it is in a sense the pride of America that its foreign policy should invite such standards. What is curious, however, is the belief that when acting for the nation politicians are required to adhere to higher standards than when acting, under the umbrella and protection of civil society, as individuals or partisans. The inversion of the demands on public and private morality seems not to offend many sensibilities. One would have thought that the stricter ethical questions (to paraphrase Nixon's second inaugural) should be asked not when we do for our country but when we do for ourselves.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Mobile money or fixed-price silos?

FARMS CONTROL

THE CASE of the Illinois heart surgeon offers a telling example of what has produced America's worst farm crisis since the Depression. The doctor operates a cancer clinic in Champaign and dabbles in corn on the side. This year, under a federal subsidy program, he will collect $469,600 worth of grain from the government in return for *not* farming his fields. The huge social expenditure should madden all conservatives. The unfairness should madden all liberals. The solution seems clear: cut government farm subsidies.

Then there is the case of the Kansas Farmers Union president. This grain farmer has seen his income plummet from $15,000 four years ago to $6,500 today. He and many like him face foreclosure after a lifetime on the farm if federal price-support levels drop further. His plight should rankle all conservatives who believe that a sturdy yeomanry is the backbone of a stable society. It should rankle all liberals who hate to see the little guy get the shaft. The solution seems clear: raise government farm subsidies.

So it goes in the topsy-turvy world of farm economics, where supply rises when demand falls, where a remarkably efficient industry has found itself crippled by less productive foreign competitors. After three years in office, the Reagan Administration is still trying to explain how its free-market principles have resulted in by far the highest federal farm subsidy ever. Confounded by these contradictions, Secretary of Agriculture John Block recently called together a cross-section of industry representatives at Washington's Shoreham Hotel for a "summit" on farm policy.

Secretary Block, who after last winter's controversy over the distribution of surplus dairy products still has trouble smiling and saying "cheese" at the same time, did his best to make the summiteers feel elevated. The participants heard the Secretary repeatedly pledge his support for a "safety net." They heard economist Herbert Stein preach fiscal and monetary restraint. They heard Secretary of State George Shultz lambast the Carter grain embargo—imposed in 1980 after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—and defend the sanctity of contracts. And over a roast beef dinner they heard Vice President George Bush (just back from a fishing trip in Iceland) reveal the secret of American agriculture: "In a word—FREEDOM!"

Alas, not even secret sessions in the Shoreham's comfortable confines could produce any fresh ideas, as Block conceded afterward. When he took on the job of Agriculture Secretary, he was one of the Reagan Administration's confident magicians of the marketplace. Nowadays he appears stupefied at what his policies have wrought. The $20 billion in farm subsidies this year marks a staggering sevenfold rise over the last year of the supposedly free-spending Carter Administration. A special subsidy program called "payment-in-kind" (PIK), introduced last year by Block as a way of reducing huge government surpluses and boosting farm income, will cost an additional $12 billion. Yet foreclosures, delinquent accounts, and voluntary liquidations continue unabated, sparking the rise of an increasingly vocal and politically potent farm protest movement.

Almost everyone with a stake in the farm-policy debate concurs on the reasons for the deep slump and spiraling federal expenditures. Block frankly admits that his department made serious errors in fashioning the 1981 Farm Act, which expires in 1985. Put simply, the farm policy approved by Block and Congress failed to anticipate the extent to which the President and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Paul Volcker, would succeed in inducing a recession. Thanks to the high interest rates resulting from the Fed's tight money policy, the world recession worsened and the dollar grew strong relative to foreign currencies. This reduced the international attrac-

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tiveness of American agricultural commodities. Foreign-government subsidies—especially those of the European Economic Community—further weakened the competitiveness of U.S. farm exports. The lingering effects of the grain embargo, though often exaggerated by both Reaganites and farmers, contributed to the predicament as well.

What sets agriculture apart from other industries hurt by the strong dollar is the web of federal subsidy arrangements. The structure hasn't changed much since the 1930s, but American agriculture has. Originally designed to protect poorer farmers against volatile prices—which can fluctuate wildly with the vagaries of the weather—the subsidies have evolved into price guarantees that protect farmers, especially big farmers, from nearly every contingency. They also skew supply and demand. In the first place, price "supports" permit farmers to put crops in storage and take out a loan for what the government deems an appropriate value. If the world market improves, farmers take the higher price. If it declines, they can keep the loan and let the government keep the crop. Second, farmers can opt for "deficiency payments," which put a floor under farm incomes if world prices fall precipitously. Taken together, these programs use taxpayers' money to soften the effect of low prices. But at the same time they reward overproduction, which builds up surpluses, drives prices down further, and sticks taxpayers with a bigger bill.

Enter Block's payment-in-kind, or PIK, program. Farmers had continued to farm extensively to meet their costs, knowing that price-support loans and deficiency payments would flow in regardless of market demand. PIK, which the *Chicago Sun-Times* dubbed "the great grain giveaway," distributes to farmers government stocks of grain and the like in exchange for leaving some or all of their land fallow. Farmers then sell the crops for market value. Block decided not to place a limit on the amount of "in-kind" payments a farmer could collect, leading to a boon for large farmers who harvest not crops but tax dollars, as the example of the Illinois heart surgeon attests. Still, it's a pretty good deal for small farmers too. The formulation that kept coming up at the summit meetings was that PIK represented "reparations" for the Carter grain embargo.

EVERYONE in the agricultural community agrees that farm policy must now move from "reparations" to repairs. Diverging views abound about how this is to be done (the interests of the average farmer, for instance, can conflict sharply with those of middlemen such as food processors and packagers), but there are two broad camps, which can be described roughly as libertarian and populist. The fundamental disagreement arises over the direction the government should take: toward encouraging free-market principles with a bare minimum of assistance, or toward fine-tuning current support programs with an eye to the burdens of the smaller farmer.

The libertarians, surveying the array of loan and price programs, conclude that whatever is happening on the farm, it isn't rugged capitalism. "Somewhere, the effort to bring federal spending under control must begin, and we can't think of a better place than here," a recent *Wall Street Journal* editorial declared. In response to those who think the family farm will disappear if government subsidies end, they correctly point out that in fact the current subsidy structure helps large farms disproportionately. The more a farmer can produce or the more acres he has to set aside, the more he can finagle from federal purses. Some farms in Kansas and California have reportedly received upwards of a million dollars through the PIK program, but PIK is only the latest example. Libertarians note that the subsidies hurt the rest of us in two ways—through higher taxes and artificially high consumer prices.

The complicated set of subsidies, according to this view, is nothing more than a welfare windfall. And the libertarians wryly argue that the rationale for this special economic treatment does not rest on any profound moral principle, but on changes in the weather. Remove the subsidies, the libertarians say, and, despite some initial pain and sacrifice, we'll all be better off. The Reagan Administration sympathizes with this school as far as politics and dogma will allow, particularly as deficits mount. Confessing his 1981 miscalculations, Block has asked Congress to freeze the "deficiency payment" program levels.The usual free-market pieties have attended this request, combined with rather incongruous indignation at the results of the grain embargo. In 1975 Reagan said of the Soviets, "Let their system collapse, but meantime buy our farmers' wheat ourselves and have it on hand to feed the Russian people when they finally become free." He still wants their system to collapse, but now, apparently, it's all right with him if they live by American bread alone.

The populists agree fully with libertarian criticisms of the skewed subsidy structure. But they call for further government intervention on the side of the small or family farmer. In their opinion, a resort to free enterprise would be callous and naive. It would only increase the unfair advantages already held by large farms. The populists contend that since no other countries take the free-market approach, abandonment of American farm subsidies would devastate U.S. agriculture in the fiercely competitive international arena. Texas Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower, who says Reagan "wouldn't know a hog from a howitzer," warns of a Seven Sisters of agriculture developing. Less apocalyptically, members of Congress from farm states worry that the subsidies in their present form might be encouraging farms so big that the government will eventually have no choice but to bail them out, at ever greater costs to the taxpayer.

Addressing the need to reform the Department of Agriculture's programs, the populists do offer some sensible proposals. Writing in the April *Washington Monthly*, North Dakota Representative Byron Dorgan suggests limiting the amount of price-support loans that any given farmer could collect. Under Dorgan's plan the actual price-support rate could rise, but the precious federal windfalls would go to the farmers who need them most. In common with the libertarians, he proposes reforming tax laws

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which make farms a seductive shelter for wealthy investors. Finally, he advocates a substantial reshaping of the Farmers Home Administration, which was set up to provide financial assistance for small farmers, but in recent years has shelled out a disproportionate amount to large farms.

Contrary to both the populists and the libertarians, the Reagan Administration accepts the idea that large farmers deserve a bigger share of government money. (John Block owns a three thousand-acre, six thousand-hog farm in Illinois.) Agriculture Department spokesman Gene Hemphill gives the Administration's interpretation of the fairness issue: "Large farmers produce the bulk of our food, therefore they should get the greatest help." But they have been getting the greatest help for some time now. Price supports, deficiency payments, and Block's personal PIK project all work in favor of the larger farmer, at considerable expense to everyone else. The notion that those who produce more are entitled to more is one thing. The notion that those who produce more are entitled to more government assistance is another. It not only violates Adam Smith but also smacks of Social Darwinism, and Social Darwinism would only give big farmers an excuse to act like their livestock.

A reasonable and politically feasible intermediate position between libertarians and populists would eliminate the inequities of the current subsidy and tax structure. At the root of the problem lies a central tension of Reaganomics: the Federal Reserve's pursuit of tight money has put small businesses in a pinch and bruised American competitiveness. As for the summit, the outcome was equally predictable: participants asked for special treatment in the guise of higher export subsidies and more aggressive pursuit of foreign markets. In other words, they want greater protectionism and more grain sales to the Russkies. The free-market, anti-Soviet Reagan Administration may yet oblige.

LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN

It was a bad patch on a bald tire.

VETOED VETO

"SUPREME COURT Strikes Down Legislative Veto." "Decision Alters Balance of Power." "Chaos in Congress Predicted." "200 Laws Wiped Out." What was all *that* about? If you skipped the postmortems of *U.S. v. Chadha*, don't worry. As is common in high-level litigation, the arguments on each side of the "legislative veto" case combined roughly equal parts truth and fraud.

Truth: the legislative veto is unconstitutional. The legislative veto was an attempt by Congress to control the prodigious output of the federal bureaucracy by allowing Congress to block rules, regulations, and other actions proposed by administrative agencies or cabinet departments. Unfortunately, the veto ran afoul of some pretty explicit language in the Constitution. The Founding Fathers intentionally made it difficult for the government to do anything, as a means of preventing government tyranny. One way they accomplished this was by requiring that laws must be passed by both Houses of Congress and signed by the President, the way we learned in civics class. The "legislative veto," by allowing Congress unilaterally to change the law, violated the Founders' scheme. Next case.

Fraud: the Court's decision restores the constitutional framework. Not by a long shot. We first departed from the Founders' ideal of government when—starting around the turn of the century and climaxing in the New Deal—we allowed administrative agencies to write rules having the force of law. We did this because there was a lot more governing to be done than the Founders had anticipated. There were whole industries to regulate, consumers and investors to be protected, government benefits to be distributed, and so on, and no way all these things could be done if every regulation had to pass both Houses of Congress and be signed by the President, civics-class style. So the agencies were created, as no less a congressional leader than Sam Rayburn put it, to "do what we don't have time to do."

Technically, the agencies are supposed simply to carry out the "will of Congress," but nobody really believes this—they were created because Congress was incapable of expressing its "will" with any specificity. Instead, Congress sets up an agency and, for example, tells it to ban, say, "deceptive devices" where "necessary and appropriate in the public interest" (the mandate of the Securities and Exchange Commission) or to "maintain conditions under which man and nature can exist in productive harmony" (the Environmental Protection Agency). What's more, many agencies—like the S.E.C.—are "independent," run by officials who cannot be fired or directly controlled by either the White House or Congress. The idea was that regulations should be written by impartial experts, men "bred to facts," not politics.

But because no one really trusted the experts, they were quickly subjected to the second guessing of, not the President or Congress, but the courts. Under the Administrative Procedure Act, passed in 1946, federal courts were empowered to strike down regulations they felt were "arbitrary" or not supported by enough evidence. The result has been the transfer of lawmaking power from elected officials to bureaucrats to the judges who "review" the regulations the bureaucrats write when (as inevitably happens) they are challenged in court.

Similar legalistic restrictions have been extended even to those agencies, like the E.P.A., that are technically controlled by the President. The day after its "legislative veto" decision, for example, the Supreme Court blithely struck down as "arbitrary" the decision of President Reagan's Transportation Secretary to rescind a regulation requiring

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airbags in cars. The Court thus confirmed which branch of government would really gain the most power from the previous day's "landmark" ruling, namely its own.

It is preposterous to pretend that our complicated administrative regime—in which laws are written by unelected agency officials, challenged by unelected lawyers, and reviewed by unelected judges—is any more consistent with the Founders' vision than was the legislative veto that was designed to control it. If the Founders didn't intend Congress to veto laws made by agencies, they certainly didn't intend for the agencies to make laws without the approval of *either* elected branch. But that is what the Supreme Court has left us with.

Truth: some device to restore accountability is needed. Defenders of the legislative veto were right to attempt to give elected officials more control over the administrative agencies. We may not like seeing Congress rewrite or gut the sensible regulations that the Federal Trade Commission drafted to prevent used car dealers from sticking their customers with lemons, but in the long run Congress is distinctly more accountable to the public than the F.T.C.

Fraud: the legislative veto succeeded in restoring accountability. One reason members of Congress were so fond of the veto was that it didn't force them to vote on every regulation. They could oppose a few rules while ducking responsibility for all the others. This is better than no accountability at all, but not much. It's no accident that when Congress wanted to award itself unpopular pay raises, it set up a "legislative veto" mechanism under which raises took effect unless Congress stopped them. Members of Congress know the press and public are less likely to blame them for letting an unpopular measure slide onto the books unvetoed than if they had actually voted for the same result.

It would be better if our elected representatives took responsibility for *all* major regulations by voting on each one. And many experts are predicting that Congress, unable to veto regulations, will now start passing detailed laws rather than delegating the job to the bureaucrats. But don't count on it. The Founders did not design our government to be that efficient. The Constitution's twin legislatures and "separated powers" are incapable of getting together to write detailed regulations—that's why the extra-constitutional agencies were set up in the first place. If Congress didn't have time to write detailed rules in the 1940s, what makes people think it has more time now that it has been further paralyzed by the breakdown of party discipline, the proliferation of committees, and the indescribably complex budget process?

What neither side of the legislative veto fight wants to admit, then, is that true democratic accountability is unavailable under the current Constitution. The Founding Fathers didn't want a legislative veto, but what they *did* want—a government of divided powers, endlessly fighting and "checking" each other—isn't working very well.

When we think about how the Constitution might be changed to accommodate the sort of large-scale, regulatory government we now seem to need, the legislative veto isn't such a bad place to start. But we would want a "veto" system that *required* Congress to vote up or down on every major rule proposed by the bureaucracy. At the same time, we could give the President clear control over that bureaucracy and the rules it proposed. This means eliminating the unaccountable "independent" agencies like the F.T.C. and the S.E.C., as well as the second-guessing role of judges.

These reforms would have to be accompanied by other changes, far more radical, designed to allow Congress to efficiently approve hundreds of regulations—something it obviously can't do now, when each Senator and Congressman commands an independent staff bureaucracy that stands ready to gum up the works on behalf of special interest lobbyists. At the constitutional level, what's needed is some quasi-parliamentary structure that forces the President and the members of his party on Capitol Hill to work together under strong political discipline.

A promising idea along these lines, suggested by former Representative Jonathan Bingham of New York, would require Presidential candidates to run as a team with the local congressional candidates of their party, on an unsplittable ticket—ensuring that an incoming President's party would control the House of Representatives, and (equally important) giving both the House and White House wings of that party a strong incentive to work together (else they be voted out of office together). A disciplined party, forced to run on its overall record (including its production of regulations) would not long tolerate congressional rules that award every backbencher a subcommittee chairmanship and preserve elaborate ego-stroking protocols at the expense of efficiency. Instead Congess would be forced to come up with a system that would bring regulations to the floor for a quick vote.

Under this scheme, in effect, the President would write regulations and Congress would approve or veto them. This has been branded "legislation in reverse." But what's wrong with that? It would certainly be simpler. It would not necessarily discourage regulation—indeed, by requiring members of Congress to sign off on the many obviously needed rules, it might go a long way toward eliminating the demagogic, antiregulatory posturing of some conservatives. Conservatives, after all, are the ones who like the current cumbersome constitutional setup, for the simple reason that it makes effective affirmative government virtually impossible.

Tinkering with the Constitution always sounds complicated and a bit presumptuous. It is. But there is no alternative if we want to have both democracy and a regulatory state. The "legislative veto" was just another doomed attempt to avoid this unpleasant truth, to escape from the Constitution without undertaking the necessary job of changing it.

ROBERT M. KAUS

Robert M. Kaus is politics editor of *Harper's* magazine.

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What the Democratic candidates would do abroad.

THE SHADOW FOREIGN POLICY

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

THERE IS good news to report on the state of foreign policy thinking in the Democratic Party. The rifts of the Vietnam era are healed, and even those of the Carter era are largely forgotten, except by memoir writers. A substantial consensus has taken hold among Democratic Presidential candidates, members of Congress, and foreign policy intellectuals on the major questions of global affairs. That consensus is a moderate one, devoid both of the tough-guy posturing that dominated the party before 1972 and of the moony idealism that characterized the McGovern campaign and continued to plague Democratic foreign policy into the Carter Administration. The transformation of President Carter himself—from the man who abjured "inordinate fear of Communism" to the one who slapped a grain embargo on the Soviet Union, from the man who promised defense budget cuts in 1976 and increased defense outlays in 1978—has a parallel in the outlook of much of the party's foreign policy establishment. No Democratic Presidential candidate favors cutting the defense budget, halting military aid to El Salvador, or preaching that the United States needs somehow to get "on the other side of history." The Iranian revolution proved that the overthrow of a pro-American despot is not necessarily good either for the people of the country in question or for America.

There is more good news. Democratic foreign policy is popular and could help win back the White House and the Senate in 1984. As the public opinion analyst William Schneider puts it, "Americans always want a policy that combines both peace and strength, but sometimes they are more concerned about one than the other. Right now, people are more worried about peace than strength." According to a recent Harris poll, 56 percent of Americans are worried that President Reagan "might get us into another war." By 46 percent to 37 percent, they perceive the Democratic Party as more likely to avoid war. By 74 percent to 14 percent, they are against further increases in defense spending, an almost exact reversal since 1980, and by 56 percent to 31 percent people say that the Democrats are the better party to control the Pentagon. Overwhelming majorities favor some sort of nuclear "freeze"—as do all the Democratic Presidential candidates—and Harris finds that, by 49 percent to 34 percent, voters think that Democrats are better able than Republicans to control the arms race. The public, along with most Democrats, opposes the President on the MX missile, deeper military involvement in El Salvador, and the B-1 bomber.

There are differences, to be sure, in the various Democrats' foreign policy approaches, and the nominee's position will almost certainly affect the party's ability to win in 1984. Even though the public seems more concerned about the "peace issue" right now, Schneider says, "Democrats are always vulnerable on the 'strength issue.' Democrats have got to reassure people that we won't have a return to the weak foreign policy of Jimmy Carter." Although Harris finds that 56 percent of the population thinks President Reagan puts too much emphasis on military programs in dealing with the Soviets and too little on negotiations, 70 percent agree with the statement that Reagan "is right in saying that in the end the only thing the Soviet Union respects is military power."

Among the Democratic contenders, Senator Alan Cranston of California is riding the "peace issue" the hardest, and therefore presumably would be most vulnerable on the "strength issue." Cranston tells audiences that world peace "has been the driving force of my life," and promises to cable Soviet party boss Yuri Andropov the day after the 1984 election, inviting him to meet immediately after the inauguration to negotiate a freeze.

He goes even further. According to Cranston, the Soviets build weapons and dominate neighbors not because they are imperialistic but because of "a paranoid reaction" toward U.S. activities. "We both see sinister motives in each other," he told me in an interview. "The actions of one side inspire reactions in the other." This would make the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, its use of chemical weapons, its deployment of three hundred SS-20 missiles in Europe, its suppression of liberty in Poland, and, possibly, the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul somehow America's fault. Alone among the Democratic candidates, Cranston wants to establish diplomatic relations with Cuba without preconditions; the others want "dialogue" first or a Cuban withdrawal from Angola.

Cranston also comes closest to writing off El Salvador. He told *The Washington Post* that "unless the government shapes up and starts granting human and economic rights . . . we should make it unmistakably clear . . . we will wash our hands of their struggle because it is a hopeless struggle. We're pouring money down a rat hole." If he were nominated (and one should not be too quick in dismissing the possibility), Republicans surely would tag him as the George McGovern of 1984, and the label might stick.

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Among the other single-digit candidates, Senator Gary Hart of Colorado was the earliest to propose moderate-liberal new ideas both in domestic and in foreign policy, especially for arms control and defense. Lately, though, he has been losing ground politically and financially. Cranston has set the specific goal of driving Hart out of the Democratic race by the year's end in order to clear the liberal field. Hart increasingly acts rattled and desperate. Last week, for example, he conducted a Senate filibuster against production of the MX missile, using the overwrought language more usually heard in Cranston speeches. "There is no future in the nuclear arms race, or for the world, if the nuclear race continues," he said. "If this madness is not stopped, thermonuclear catastrophe . . . will be increasingly difficult to avoid."

Of the two Southern candidates, Senator Ernest F. Hollings has presented the mystifying spectacle of a long-standing military hawk suddenly turned dove. In 1979 Hollings moved to increase defense spending by $4.4 billion, and in the early Reagan years he supported proposed total increases of $33 billion. He changed his mind in 1982, however, first recommending a freeze on all spending, including defense, and then adjusting his proposal to increase defense by 3.3 percent, lowest of all the candidates. He supported Jimmy Carter's MX plan in the "racetrack" mode, but opposes Reagan's version. He opposed Carter's SALT II proposals, but now backs a nuclear freeze.

Former Florida Governor Reubin Askew, by contrast, has been a consistent moderate—leery of the freeze, in favor of sustained 5 percent defense growth, committed to continued aid to El Salvador and (alone among all the candidates) steady in support of free trade. Unfortunately, all this has gotten him politically nowhere.

BETWEEN the two Democratic front-runners, the differences tend to be more perceptual than real, but in politics perceptions are important. Senator John Glenn is a former Marine colonel, war hero, and astronaut. Walter Mondale was Hubert Humphrey's protegé and Jimmy Carter's Vice President. According to Schneider, "The Democrats' nagging problem with the 'strength issue' hurts Mondale. He's not seen as a tough liberal in the tradition of Lyndon Johnson, John F. Kennedy, or Harry Truman, but as one of the 'preacher politicians'—McGovern, Adlai Stevenson, and Jimmy Carter. People think he's a wimp, and that makes John Glenn look inviting." One member of Congress, informed that I was drawing up a list of the major candidates' foreign policy advisers, ventured the impression that "Mondale has collected all the Vance people from the Carter Administration, while Glenn has got the Brzezinski people." The implication was that the relatively hard-line types are gravitating to Glenn and the relative soft-liners to Mondale.

Mondale is plagued across the board with this impression that he's not "tough" enough—on interest groups or foreign adversaries—and he has yet to figure out how to correct it. It does not, in fact, comport with reality, at least on foreign policy. Mondale's positions on most issues and the advisers who help him produce them tend to represent the solid, stable, seasoned middle of the Democratic Party. Mondale's core group of working-level advisers (potential Assistant Secretaries of State and Defense and National Security Advisers) include three former Brzezinski subordinates on Carter's national security staff, David Aaron, Madeline Albright, and Robert Hunter; the Carter Pentagon's former strategic weapons expert, Walter Slocombe; former Carter Deputy Budget Director Bowman Cutter and former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Fred Bergsten. Mondale's issues coordinator is William Galston, a University of Texas government professor. Mondale gets arms control advice from Jan Lodal and Barry Carter, who both served under Kissinger on the staff of the National Security Council, and advice on Latin America from former Assistant Secretary of State Viron Vaky and former N.S.C. staff member Robert Pastor.

Most of these people came through the Carter experience with scars, but wiser about the world than when they went in. One of them said, "With the El Salvadors of this world—and there are many of them—we used to sit around at meetings and agree that our allies were military fascist bastards and that what we needed was the Oregon solution: Ruritania should adopt a socioeconomic and political system like the one in the state of Oregon and we should make it do so, without its costing us too much, please. Well, after a while you come out realizing that things are harder than that. I don't think we should force countries to form coalition governments with Leninists. They tend to be hard to work with. So are the Russians. I think most of us in the Carter Administration came out with a healthier sense of the importance of military power, with a sense that it's a necessary, though not sufficient, instrument for conducting international policy."

Not all Democratic foreign policy experts are convinced that such lessons now permeate the Mondale entourage. One such figure, reflecting on the differences between Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski during the Carter days, says he finds the Mondale senior advisory group still dominated by "accommodationists." He said, "there is a mode of thought in the Democratic establishment that both we and the Soviet Union are guilty, but the Soviets don't recognize the fact, so we should accommodate. They now bow their heads in the direction of realism. They say that the Soviets are bad, but they always go on to say that it behooves us to take the next steps."

Other critics say that the presumptive front-runners for Secretary of State in a Mondale Administration—former Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher and former Middle East negotiator Sol Linowitz—fit precisely the pattern of Cyrus Vance, who thought all international problems could be settled in lawyerly negotiations and that nothing was to be settled by force. Linowitz, for example, has offered a plan for Central America that involves negotiation and economic assistance as virtually the only pillars of U.S. policy for the region. But Mondale does get advice from people outside the Vance mold, too, including former Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, former Pentagon

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research chief William Perry, and former Republican national security aide William Hyland. Mondale is also said to admire Max Kampelman, an old Humphrey hand, now a neoconservative lawyer and chief of President Reagan's European security negotiating team in Madrid.

John Glenn's advisory group is not noticeably harderline than Mondale's, and neither are his positions. On defense, Glenn's position papers get drafted by a team including former Navy Undersecretary James Woolsey, a member of the Scowcroft Commission; John Kester, former executive assistant to Secretary of Defense Brown; Charles Moskow, a military sociologist, and retired General Thomas Miller, former chief of Marine Corps aviation. Glenn's foreign policy advisory team includes William Bader, former staff director of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Pauline Baker, who formerly covered African issues for Senators Dick Clark and George McGovern; Paul Laudicina, Senator Joseph Biden's former legislative director, and Barry Rubin, a Middle East scholar at Georgetown University. Glenn's advisers are coordinated by Carl Ford, a former C.I.A. official who serves as his Senate foreign policy aide.

On the senior level, Glenn is said to value the advice of Sol Linowitz, former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, Cyrus Vance, former H.E.W. Secretary (and Pentagon aide) Joseph Califano, Harold Brown, Edmund S. Muskie, former Senator Abraham Ribicoff, and former Undersecretary of State Joseph Sisco.

"Glenn is consistently eclectic on foreign policy," one of his advisers said. "He is a centrist only in the grossest sense of adding up all his positions and dividing. He is not centrist on all issues. He is liberal on some—Africa for example—and conservative on others." The actual differences in position between Mondale and Glenn seem to be marginal, matters of nuance. In their major Soviet policy speeches—Glenn's before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, Mondale's before the American Association of Newspaper Publishers—Glenn dwelt at somewhat greater length on Soviet aggressiveness than Mondale did, but both ended up advocating negotiations and denouncing the Reagan Administration for overemphasizing Soviet influence in Third World trouble spots.

Mondale, as a loyal Carterite and out of conviction, strongly backed SALT II; Glenn initially voted against it because he had doubts about its verifiability, but now supports it. Both Mondale and Glenn oppose the MX missile and favor small, single-warhead missiles instead. Glenn favors the B-1 bomber because he thinks the successor Stealth bomber has difficulties; Mondale opposes the B-1 and favors Stealth. Both of them back virtually all the other new strategic weapons in planning—Trident submarines, D-5 missiles, and cruise missiles.

There is some difference on the Middle East. Mondale attacked President Reagan's September 1 peace initiative as an intervention on the Arab side of the Arab-Israeli dispute. Glenn judged it a step in the right direction, undertaken too late. Glenn calls for "contacts" with the Palestine Liberation Organization to "get them out of their terrorist ways," but is against "negotiations" until the P.L.O. recognizes Israel's right to exist. Mondale is against either contacts or negotiations.

On Central America, both favor more economic and human rights emphasis in El Salvador, and would condition further military aid on evidence of government reform. Both oppose covert (or overt) aid to guerrillas bent on overthrowing the government of Nicaragua. When asked on NBC's "Meet the Press" whether he could ever send U.S. troops to Central America, Mondale replied that "if the Soviet Union or the Cubans . . . were to establish a major base or military position in Central America, I think that would be a matter of very, very severe concern. I think it would go to the vital interest of our country and it would raise grave challenges." He went on to charge that current Reagan policy makes it "inevitable that American troops will be sent. I utterly and completely and profoundly oppose that." Similarly, in an interview with *The Washington Post*, Glenn said, "I think the rhetoric of this Administration as regards . . . the Communist threat is way overblown. This Administration has overblown it, making everything into some sinister Soviet plot." He said he would not send U.S. troops there as President even if El Salvador was about to fall to Communist-backed guerrillas or if Nicaragua invaded neighboring Honduras.

On paper Glenn and Mondale ought to profit equally from the "peace issue" and suffer from the "strength" issue. At the moment, though, imagery gives Mondale a "peace" advantage and Glenn a "strength" advantage. On the merits, it's hard to tell what either would do as President either in tough negotiations with the Soviets or faced with a grave threat to U.S. vital interests.

WE MAY find out how they and the other candidates stand up to pressure when the primaries begin in Iowa, where isolationism still flourishes, and in New Hampshire, where nuclear-freeze sentiment is strong. Activist Democrats have a tendency to become dogmatic, to invent liberal litmus tests for ideological purity. In Congress just now, for example, opposition to the MX missile is practically mandatory for Democrats. Independent thinkers such as Representative Les Aspin, Albert Gore and Norman Dicks are being pilloried, accused of ulterior motives, and threatened with denial of campaign contributions for supporting the Scowcroft Commission compromise. Central America is about to become another litmus test, and the President's appointment of a bipartisan commission under Henry Kissinger may accelerate the process. Democratic candidates may well be challenged to declare they would never send U.S. troops to Central America and to drop qualifications such as "mutual, verifiable, negotiated" that are now attached to nuclear freeze promises. The candidates who knuckle under to that kind of pressure presumably will bow to other adversities. Almost certainly, if Reagan can succeed with his commissions and compromises to moderate his image on foreign policy, any Democrat nominated after yielding to pressure will lose the middle ground and the election.

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Can Neil Kinnock save the Labour Party?

BRITAIN'S BATTERED LEFT

BY BOB KUTTNER

I do not wish to live under a Conservative government for the next twenty years. I believe that the progressive forces of the country are hopelessly divided between the Liberal Party and the Labour Party. . . . As things are now we have nothing to look forward to except a continuance of Conservative governments, not merely until they have made mistakes in the tolerable degree which would have caused a swing of the pendulum in the former days, but until their mistakes have mounted up to the height of a disaster. I do not like this choice of alternatives.

—*John Maynard Keynes, February 9, 1926.*

FOUR TIMES in the last century, the British left has split in two, opening the way for a long period of Tory rule. In the 1870s the venerable Liberal Party divided over the Irish question, and Conservatives governed for most of the next twenty years. The Liberals split a second time at the end of Lloyd George's era, and never governed again. Labour split in 1931 when Ramsay MacDonald agreed to head a brief coalition government, and Tories ruled again throughout the Great Depression. Today the British left is divided as never before—into three separate parties and at least twice as many factions.

The June British election was a catastrophic, perhaps fatal, defeat for the Labour Party, but not quite a simple vindication of Thatcherism. The Tories' share of the popular vote was actually 1.5 percent *lower* than in 1979; in fact, her parliamentary landslide was built on a smaller popular percentage than the *defeat* of Tory Prime Minister Alec Douglas-Home in 1964.

At the risk of imputing too much clarity to a murky period of transition, the 1983 election heralds mainly a sharpening of ideological focus. The picture shows a Tory right that believes unequivocally in markets; a Labour left that embraces not welfare but socialism; and a resurgent, articulate center pleased to reclaim Britain's two greatest Liberals, who are treated shabbily nowadays by both major parties: Beveridge and Keynes.

Still, in politics appearances count. And thanks to the imperfect fit between a four-party election and a winner-take-all electoral system, Thatcher's Conservatives racked up 61 percent of the seats on just 42.4 percent of the vote. The appearance is that Thatcher's tough deflationary medicine is good politics, 13 percent unemployment notwithstanding. During the next five years, 397 Tory M.P.s dominating the 650-member House of Commons will do much to reinforce that impression.

Labour's defeat, on the other hand, was unambiguous and profound. The Labour Party received 27.6 percent of the popular vote, its lowest share since 1918, when it was not yet a national party. More often than not, the defeated Labour candidate ran third. One hundred and six Labour candidates faced the extra humiliation of receiving less than 10 percent of the vote, and forfeiting their deposit. In 313 contests, the new Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance candidate placed second, advancing the center's status as the natural opposition party.

Geographically, Labour's strength was confined to the redoubts of Declining Britain—the inner cities and the bleak industrial north. In all of southern England, Labour won just three seats outside central London. Among first-time voters, Labour ran a distant third, with barely 17 percent. Demographically, Labour remained a narrowly class-based party—at a time when the blue-collar working class is not only shrinking but failing even to vote Labour consistently. Among skilled blue-collar workers Labour placed second, behind the Tories; among workers owning their own homes Labour ran third. As Professor Ivor Crewe, a prominent electoral analyst, wrote in a definitive postelection analysis in *The Guardian*, "The Labour vote remains largely working class; but the working class has ceased to be largely Labour."

The Labour debacle of 1983 can be blamed only in part on a resurgent center, for the strength of the new center is precisely a function of Labour's own dry rot—which, in turn, was the result of a dismally weak standard bearer in Michael Foot and, even more, of crippling infighting. The breakaway of much of the party's right wing to form the Social Democrats in 1981 did nothing to unify those who remained.

Infighting, of course, is a Labour hallmark, and it is encouraged by an organizational structure that has fault lines built into it. There is a powerful trade union movement that is ideologically radical, institutionally conservative, and itself deeply divided; a constituency party well to the left of both the parliamentary party and the country; and a parliamentary delegation split into a rump right and several striations of what the English call "soft" and "hard" left—hard left meaning, more or less, Marxist. For nearly forty years, Labour's various factions have disagreed fundamentally about such basics as nuclear weapons, membership in the Common Market, socialization of industry, the power and accountability of trade unions,

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and whether the Labour Party ultimately stands for a welfare state or for socialism.

Since the mid-1970s Labour fratricide has reached stupefying proportions. Prime Minister (1976-79) James Callaghan, initially a favorite of the trade unions, regularly infuriated the party's left throughout his term. Under Callaghan, Britain was briefly a captive of the International Monetary Fund, and public spending was slashed. Callaghan strongly supported a British nuclear deterrent; he scrapped Tony Benn's radical industrial policy; and, to the shock of his union supporters, he attempted to impose a tough incomes policy as part of an anti-inflation program, limiting wage increases to 5 percent. In the winter of 1978, widely referred to as the Winter of Discontent, the public-employee unions lashed back with a series of strikes. The election eve strike of the dustmen (garbage collectors) was the final blow to Labour's reelection chances.

AFTER THE party's 1979 defeat, the wrangling worsened. Delegates to a party conference pushed through a strong unilateralist declaration. By 1980 both the ideological left and the trade unionists felt sufficiently powerful to push through a long-nursed demand to take the election of the party leader away from the party's M.P.s and give it to a conference where trade union leaders can cast bloc votes by the million. That all but guaranteed permanent dominance by the party left. In January 1981, four of the most prominent leaders of the Labour right walked out, and founded the new Social Democratic Party. David Owen, Shirley Williams, William Rodgers, and Roy Jenkins—the Gang of Four—eventually took two dozen Labour M.P.s with them.

Despite the mortal threats of Thatcherism on one flank and the Social Democrats on the other, Labour continued to indulge itself in bitter, debilitating factionalism, right into the 1983 campaign. Foot himself proved an implausible candidate for prime minister. At sixty-nine he seemed an archaic, doddering figure. Though 38 percent of the electorate told pollsters they identified with the Labour Party, just 13 percent said Foot would make the best prime minister.

Thatcher, for her part, benefited from the Falklands success, the falling rate of inflation, and the geographical concentration of the unemployed. In addition, thanks to a loophole in British election law, the Conservatives were able to outspend Labour by about two to one. Parliamentary candidates are strictly limited on their election outlays, but there is no limit on what parties may spend. This year the Tory vote was courted not only by Madison Avenue-type TV commercials, but by Viguerie-style targeted, computerized mailings.

Labour had worried that the new Alliance of Liberals and Social Democrats would deprive it of the support of disaffected voters who normally shift their allegiance from an unpopular government to the opposition party. As it happened, the more substantial swing was from Labour to the Alliance.

The long-dormant liberal center seems to have revived as a major political force throughout Britain. Its 26 percent of the popular vote was spread remarkably evenly along regional and class lines—a blessing for the Alliance in that it demonstrates the gathering strength of the new center, but a curse in that it translated into just twenty-three seats in the Commons.

UNLIKE John Anderson's one-man American center party of 1980, the Alliance parties are real institutions. The breakaway Social Dems attracted not only two dozen Labour M.P.s but also hundreds of journalists, academics, and local notables. The Alliance has become the "sensible" alternative, standing for modernization rather than abandonment of the welfare state; a well-managed mixed economy; Atlanticism; British identification with Europe; free trade; multilateral arms control; environmentalism; and a new, nonadversarial system of industrial relations—a nice stretch of prime ideological territory.

The two Alliance parties won roughly equal shares of the popular vote, but the Liberals, with their Celtic regional base, took seventeen of the twenty-three Alliance seats. Only two of the original S.D.P. Gang of Four, David Owen and Roy Jenkins, kept their seats in the House. After the election, Jenkins resigned the party leadership in favor of the more dynamic Owen, a former Labour foreign secretary and health minister.

"There's a very real danger," the veteran Welsh Labour M.P. Denzil Davies told me, "that the Alliance will make more and more inroads into our vote. Rather than taking Tory votes, David Owen will move the Social Dems to the left of center, like the American Democratic Party, or the German S.P.D."

Davies represents the Labour soft left, but his pessimism is echoed throughout the party. "If we're not careful," said Eric Heffer, the "hard left" candidate for Labour Party leader, "you will need a magnifying glass to find a Socialist in Britain." A prominent right-wing adviser to the Callaghan government, one who considered bolting to the Social Dems but stayed faithful, said, "We assumed that 35 percent was the rock-solid Labour core. Well, there's no rock-solid core at all. Even the argument that a vote for the Alliance was a wasted vote was turned round on us. In at least one hundred fifty constituencies, a vote for Labour was the wasted vote." And one of a dozen Labour intellectuals at the London School of Economics who recently collaborated on a fine Fabian Society book titled *The Future of the Welfare State*, said sadly, "In ten years' time, we may all be Social Democrats."

For Labour's hopeful loyalists, the one wild card is a forty-one-year-old Welsh M.P. named Neil Kinnock, who is all but certain to be elected Leader of the Opposition at the annual Labour Party Conference in October. Before the June election, Kinnock's name was practically unknown outside Britain. First elected to Parliament in 1970, he twice declined invitations to serve as a junior minister in the Callaghan government. He will be the first newly elected major party leader since Ramsay MacDonald with

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no prior experience in government, and the youngest Labour Party leader ever.

Kinnock prefers the hustings to the Commons. He makes more than a hundred appearances yearly before trade unions and constituency groups, and he has become an immensely popular speaker on the local Labour circuit. When Labour went into opposition he joined the party's front bench, as shadow education minister. He is a compelling orator, and perhaps Labour's most engaging television spokesman. His ruddy countenance, thinning hair, and Cyrano nose have become familiar throughout Britain. His strengths are a quick wit, an easygoing Welsh charm, and, at a time of deep gloom in the party, an infectious optimism about Labour's eventual recovery. His sudden popularity is no accident.

Kinnock is untainted by the Callaghan government, and largely untainted by the bitter infighting. Most of the other protagonists can live with him. Even though he is a longtime unilateralist and a frank critic of the welfare-state version of socialism, his brand of leftism is considered soft rather than hard. He is also capable of tactical accommodations: he has lately tempered his opposition to the Common Market, and he recently made a pact with Roy Hattersley, the right's candidate for party leader, that the winner would support the loser for deputy leader.

On the other hand, Kinnock is thoroughly untried as a national leader. His detractors call him an opportunist, a media creation, a lightweight. In some hard-left circles, his failure to back Tony Benn's divisive campaign for deputy leader is still considered an act of cynical treachery, designed only to further his own career. One Labour critic compares Kinnock to Jimmy Carter, "a total outsider with little experience in government, who is exploiting a change in the party rules." But informal soundings suggest that Kinnock will win the votes of a majority of Labour M.P.s (as well as resounding support among the trade unions and local constituency parties), which will enhance his legitimacy. Despite the sniping, there is grudging agreement that Kinnock, and no one else, has at least a chance of unifying the Labour Party, and of articulating its message to a broader public.

I recently saw Kinnock display his talents in a major policy address in the hamlet of Prestonpans, outside Edinburgh. The occasion was the John P. Mackintosh Memorial Lecture, a prestigious annual event commemorating the late Scottish Labour M.P. and party philosopher. Kinnock's speech was reminiscent of Ted Kennedy's address to the 1980 Democratic Convention—an unapologetic and eloquent rededication to principle.

Kinnock had contracted severe laryngitis during the campaign, and on the eve of the address was ordered *hors de combat* by his doctor. He arranged for a friend and ally, the Scottish M.P. Robin Cook, to read the speech in his stead, with Kinnock joining him on the platform. Introducing Cook, Kinnock hoarsely apologized for the doctor's orders ("a good National Health Service doctor, I assure you"), told a Welsh rugby joke to the assembled Scots, and added that Cook, his campaign manager, now considered him the ideal candidate—"one who can't compromise the campaign by saying anything."

Kinnock, who doesn't even have a research assistant, writes his own speeches. In this one, titled "Social Democracy or Democratic Socialism," he deftly played off the Tories and Social Democrats against each other, as Labour might have done in the campaign, but didn't.

He excoriated the Thatcher Conservatives, "with their smug and selective Victorian homilies. . . .[T]he Tory Party uses the hidden boot of unemployment as well as the invisible hand of Adam Smith"; and he had harsh words for his own party's extreme left as well. "They are so obsessed with ideology that they can't see the people for the slogans. They may hate Toryism, but not enough to harm it politically by defeating it. They reduce politics to a hobby."

KINNOCK'S most devastating comments, however, were saved for the faithless Social Democrats. How odd, he remarked, that social democracy should appear as a new philosophy just when the old social democratic formula of Keynes plus a welfare state was so obviously faltering and capitalism was taking off the gloves. "Conservatives have continued to wage class war long after Social Democrats declared that an armistice had been signed. . . . Social democracy ignored the possibility of a resurgent, class-based Tory Party."

In a seventy-minute speech, Cook/Kinnock managed to include nicely pertinent quotations from Orwell, Bevan, Engels, Gramsci, A.J.P. Taylor, G.D.H. Cole, Isaiah Berlin, and even Trotsky, with the self-assurance of a man who has read and underlined the originals. The man may be an opportunist, but he is no lightweight. And his particular lodestar, to whom he kept returning, was Labour's great apostle of radical gradualism, R. H. Tawney.

" 'It ought to be possible,' " declared Kinnock quoting Tawney, " 'for a movement, like an individual, to be both sensible and trenchant . . . until the Labour Party can persuade its fellow countrymen that it represents both—that its idealism is not lunacy, nor its realism mere torpor—it will neither deserve to win general support, nor succeed in winning it.' " (The following morning, *The Guardian* commented that Labour's real "dream ticket" was neither Kinnock-Hattersley nor Hattersley-Kinnock, but Tawney-Tawney. If Robin Cook could stand in for Kinnock, said *The Guardian*, he might just as easily stand in for Tawney, who died in 1962.)

After the speech, Kinnock and about three hundred of the East Lothian party faithful repaired to a large tent. Watching Kinnock on his feet, even suffering laryngitis, one could appreciate his appeal. He works a crowd, one at a time, with the ease of a man who genuinely prefers a small gathering in a local pub to the formalities of Westminster. He chats amiably as if he had nothing better to do. As his handlers vainly tried to move him along the reception line, Kinnock spent fifteen minutes listening delightedly while a quite dotty retired speech therapist rattled off homespun remedies for his tired vocal chords.

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On a platform or in small groups, he is the sort of speaker whose good-humored conviction creates an aura of political fellowship and comradeship.

The damage to the Labour Party, however, may be beyond even the golden touch of a Neil Kinnock. For even with Kinnock as leader, the same centrifugal tendencies remain. The defection of the Social Democrats did not produce a unified party. The party constitution, with its heavy institutional role for the trade unions, remains an anomaly; the party left solidified its hold in the wake of the election. Of the forty new Labour M.P.s, one survey rated thirty-two as "left." For the first time, the Trotskyite "Militant Tendency," long a party embarrassment, managed to elect two of its members to the House of Commons. And the party clings more strongly than ever to its support for unilateral nuclear disarmament, which is simply unacceptable to the broad British public.

Three separate conversations—with a prominent Social Democrat, an editor of the London *Sunday Times*, and a leader of the Labour left—produced almost identical assessments. Is there a way for Labour to recover? Certainly. It has only to put aside the squabbling, name a young, articulate figure like Kinnock as leader, and adopt a program acceptable to the broad British middle class. Will it? Almost surely not.

The pity is that the Conservatives could be extremely vulnerable by the next general election. Thatcher's program of stringent monetarism has been even more of a disaster than Reagan's. It has produced a profound shakeout of British industry—industrial production is now 16 percent below what it was when Thatcher assumed office—but the promised renaissance is nowhere in sight. Thatcher simply has no program to deal with Britain's unprecedented unemployment, other than to trust the free market. The British recovery, thus far, is shallower than the American one, and no economist predicts a big drop in unemployment. To the extent that the British economy is staying afloat at all, it is floating on North Sea oil, which will begin tapering off in about 1985. By the late 1980s, Thatcher will no longer be a novelty, and her one concrete achievement, a costly reduction of the inflation rate, will be old news.

POLITICALLY, two possibilities loom. It is conceivable that the Labour Party, under Kinnock, could yet revive. Labour managed to win a narrow victory in 1974, even though the Liberals that year had polled their previous peak of nearly 20 percent of the popular vote. In 1974, however, the Liberals were pulling substantial votes from the Tories. Still, it is possible that in the next election Tory moderates will desert Thatcher for the Alliance, while Labour voters, given a more attractive choice than Michael Foot, will return to the fold.

The other possibility is that Labour will continue squabbling and veering toward the hard left, while Thatcher stays the disastrous course toward the hard right. If that happens, then the Alliance will simply displace Labour as Britain's other party. That is not a foregone conclusion, however. Unhappily, the Alliance is not one party, but two. That Britain should be blessed with two center parties is nothing but a historical accident. Still, there they are.

Both the new Social Democratic leader, David Owen, and his Liberal counterpart, David Steel, are ambitious men. Each would like to be the first liberal prime minister since Lloyd George. A merger into a single party is logical, but unlikely; for neither the venerable Liberals nor the spanking-new Social Dems are yet prepared to sacrifice their separate identity. Who would be leader? What would the party be named?

IF THE ALLIANCE parties manage to overcome this awkward two-headedness and to displace Labour as Her Majesty's loyal opposition, it will leave the Labour Party rather in the position of the Italian Communists—a hard-core alliance of an industrial working class and a radical intelligentsia that will still command a loyal 20 to 30 percent of the vote, but may never govern again. If Labour does revive, British politics will still be three-way politics, perhaps on the German model, with an influential liberal center frequently in coalition with either left or right. In either case, a psychological breakthrough for the Alliance has already occurred. One-fourth of the electorate backed the center, but another 14 percent told pollsters they seriously considered doing so, and many refrained only for fear of wasting a vote. That won't be a concern next time.

Meanwhile, today's Labour Party is a melancholy sight. The admirable tradition of British Fabianism deserves a better fate. If the American press elected the British House of Commons, the Social Democrats would win in a landslide. They are fresh, clever, and sensible. But neoliberalism on both sides of the Atlantic is easy to overrate. It has a disproportionate number of journalists and policy intellectuals in its ranks, and in the era of Thatcher and Reagan its notion of a modern classless constituency remains a bit wishful.

Although the Social Democrats are probably the shrewdest friendly critics of the British welfare state, they have no new remedies for the deeper economic crisis, save a more energetic brand of muddle-through. But the historic consensus of Keynes plus Beveridge plus corporate capitalism as usual has indeed broken down, both economically and politically. On that point, Kinnock and Thatcher would agree. And—on that point—they would have the better of the argument over the centrists, who offer a plausible political alternative to them both but little in the way of new economic ideas.

Margaret Thatcher's first term brought about a resurgence of market capitalism as a philosophy, even as that philosophy failed to produce the economic results it promised. The other two great philosophies—welfare state liberalism, represented by the Alliance, and democratic socialism, represented by the Labour Party—are in eclipse. For them the next five years will be a period of political infighting and ideological ferment. It remains to be seen whether the ultimate result will be stalemate or renewal.

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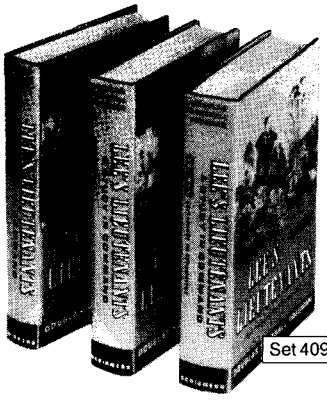

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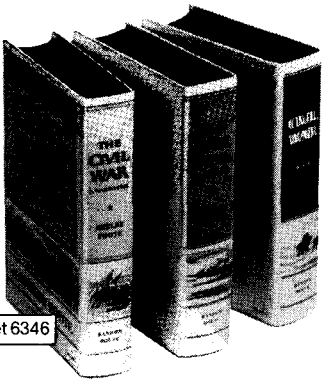

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Maximum Opus

Rainer Werner Fassbinder made *Berlin Alexanderplatz* in 1980, backed by the West German and Italian television networks. It runs fifteen hours and twenty-one minutes: thirteen parts of about an hour each with an epilogue of almost two hours. Each part begins and ends with credits, as for a TV series, but Fassbinder thought of the work as a film; it was shown at the Venice Film Festival (after its German TV premiere); it will be shown as a five-part film in New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, with series tickets available for five three-hour visits to the theater. Arrangements for other cities are to follow. (I and others sat in a screening room for two days from 9:30 A.M. until about 6:00 P.M. with a half-hour lunch break.) Obviously a work of this unique length raises unique critical questions, about which more later.

Berlin Alexanderplatz
(TeleCulture)

Berlin Alexanderplatz is based on the well-known novel by Alfred Döblin, published in 1929, translated into English by Eugene Jolas in 1931, and available in paperback from Ungar. (For some reason, the two words of the title were reversed in English. As with many foreign novels, this book needs a new translation which it is not likely to get.) Döblin (1878-1957) was a Berlin physician and psychiatrist who practiced in the Alexanderplatz vicinity and who wrote copiously all his life. He was born a Jew and became a Catholic; he was politically radical and eventually altered his views. Until that alteration, Bertolt Brecht considered Döblin a teacher and friend. In the mid-1920s when Brecht was evolving his ideas of epic theater, he wrote to Döblin, "It is really only a question of finding a form that will make possible on the stage whatever it is that differentiates your novels from those of Mann!" Yet it was Mann who helped the refugee Döblin to get some screenwriting work at M-G-M in 1940. After the war Döblin returned to Europe and continued to write, but with diminished stature.

The title *Berlin Alexanderplatz* is hint enough of the book's intent: it depicts the teeming life in and around the square (now in East Berlin). The common observation about the novel is that it shows the influence of *Ulysses*, but, in translation at any rate, this is not perceptible. It is a book of wide embrace in style as well as material, using realistic narrative, naturalistic probe, "choric" interlude, lyric surge, interweavings of contemporary statistics and news stories, and more—to create a universe. The part titles and the frequent aphoristic subheadings suggest Brecht, as do some presentational sections; the use of factual material—sometimes contextually relevant, sometimes grotesquely juxtaposed—suggests Dos Passos. Walter Benjamin, no wholehearted admirer of Döblin, called the novel a "thieves' *Education Sentimentale*."

Fassbinder had long been enamored of the novel. Many leading characters in his other films are named Franz, like Döblin's protagonist; the role that Fassbinder himself played in *Fox and His Friends* bears the protagonist's full name, Franz Biberkopf. Fassbinder of course wrote his own screen adaptation of Döblin's book and strove to suggest the complex prose texture while centering on a flow of images. Very often in the film, at least three things are going on: the scene as we see and hear it, a voice (Fassbinder's) commenting like a divine observer of the scene between the bits of dialogue, and the interpolation of aphorisms—further complicated by the English subtitles for the German dialogue. And, of course, music. (The extremely helpful score by Peer Raben combines his own work with contemporary songs.) The result sounds messy, but it's rich. Only when the English translations of the aphorisms are flashed on the white backgrounds used for those inserts is there difficulty. Fassbinder has done his best to transmute Döblin into film. His best is modified only by the nature of the second medium and by the nature of Fassbinder's temperament.

The story begins in 1927. Franz Biberkopf, a laborer, is released from Tegel prison where he has served four years for the unpremeditated killing of a woman named Ida who had lived with him. When the prison gates open, the roar of Berlin blasts in and frightens him. (Döblin's line, flashed on the screen: "The punishment begins.") A guard calms Franz and helps him through the gate, but it takes some time for panic and phantasmagoria to subside. They never quite leave him.

Berlin is full of poverty and politics, vice and crime. We move with Franz through the next year or so as he settles into his old lodgings, rejoins his old circle of friends, most of whom are unemployed and some of whom are on the shady side, has some love affairs including three (serial) live-in companions, tries various pathetic peddling jobs, then joins occasionally in the ventures of a gang of warehouse thieves. Through it all, he is rather placid and tolerant, his prevailing amiability splotched from time to time by fits of torpor or fierce rage that seem more

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Draughtsman's Contract. Elegant, ingenious, unique. Peter Greenaway's writing and direction dazzle in this Restoration comedy of death.

The Grey Fox. In 1901, after thirty-three years in prison, a "gentleman bandit" resumes his career in Canada. Richard Farnsworth and the whole picture very winning.

The Return of Martin Guerre. Sixteenth-century France, exquisitely re-created, splendidly acted. Adequate dramatization of historial incident.

The White Rose. A strong film about the Munich students who, in 1942-1943, conducted a hopeless, heroic protest against Hitler. No bravura, much bravery.

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connected with mental instability than with spiritual canker.

In the course of one robbery, he is thrown out of a speeding van by a fellow-thief named Reinhold as a means of stopping what they think is a pursuing car. The accident costs Franz his right arm. But he is markedly unvindictive: he feels that hatred won't bring his arm back, and he has the unintellectualized conviction that Reinhold is as much a pawn of social circumstance as himself. Franz continues his generally pacific way, scraping by financially, is adored by his landlady (a character added by Fassbinder) even though she had witnessed the murder of Ida, is subject to dreams and fits, and floats through the political turmoil between Nazis and Communists, dabbling on both sides without understanding either, just as chance or employment dictates. Only two factors are constant: his fondness for drink and his attraction for women.

Döblin, not for the first or last time in art, shows how a society can affect the moral spectrum, then depicts his hero behaving by the best standards available within the revised spectrum. Franz, though in fact a murderer and thief, thinks of himself as a good man, as do his friends.

MIEZE (BARBARA SUKOWA) AND FRANZ BIBERKOPF (GÜNTER LAMPRECHT) IN 'BERLIN ALEXANDERPLATZ' (TELECULTURE FILMS)

The intricate story builds to two chief elements: his affair with Mieze, a young woman who adores him, who becomes a prostitute in order to support him and whose love, within the work's moral spectrum, must be called joyfully innocent; and his relation with Reinhold, the man who cost him his arm. The moral relativism of the work is taken further with events between Mieze and a woman named Eva, then between Mieze and Reinhold.

Mieze loves Franz so much that she wants them to have a child. She is barren, so she asks Eva, a high-class whore who has long loved Franz, to bear his child for them. Eva agrees, as does Franz—to Mieze's exultation. (Much later, Eva miscarries.)

Reinhold, who had previously handed on a couple of women to Franz, eventually meets Mieze; determines to seduce her; contrives to get her to the woods outside Berlin. In a long scene that is one of the best in both book and film, the pair go through a kaleidoscopic emotional struggle that ends with his strangling her. To escape, Reinhold gets himself arrested under a false name for a minor crime. Franz, when he hears of Mieze's death, is mentally stricken and is hospitalized. In time, the killing is tracked to Reinhold and he is tried; Franz, released from the hospital, is present at the trial, somewhat numbed, but free of hate. Within the story's aberrant moral scale, Franz and Reinhold can be seen as the Chosen Good and the Chosen Evil. Other views of their relationship are also inherent in the work, and Fassbinder, as we'll see, explores them.

Franz, in both book and film, carries, I think, an extra cultural charge. One might assume from all the above that he is some sort of conventionally good-looking man. In fact he weighs two hundred pounds, is paunchy and plain. As I watched Günter Lamprecht in the role, I got a sense of reciprocity between a nation's life and its art. Lamprecht kept reminding me of Emil Jannings, the idol of German stage and film. In the Germany of that day, Jannings, who was about Lamprecht's size, was an actor of considerable sexual appeal because, as usual when that happens, he embodied various idealizations for both sexes. I think it quite possible that Jannings, just as much as the Berliners of the Alexanderplatz, served as partial model for Franz in Döblin's mind. Films figure in the book; Döblin must have known Jannings well. And, as with many another twentieth-century novelist, a film figure may have helped to crystallize what Döblin was trying to "assemble" from observed life—especially since that figure was a popular vicar for much of that life. For us to be reminded of Jannings by Lamprecht may thus be the fulfillment of a circle. (An earlier film of Döblin's novel, directed by Piel Jutzi in 1931—a normal-length film—had Heinrich George as Franz, an actor of Jannings's size but not his power or appeal.) The Franz whom we see, uniting (I believe) a bygone film figure, a novelist's view of that figure against a metropolitan tapestry, and a modern filmmaker's appreciation of all these qualities, is a particularly striking cultural avatar.

Excepting most of the epilogue, the film contains little that is not in the novel or is not patently derived from it. Fidelity sometimes even takes the film to the edge of the tedious, as in a Salvation Army sequence. But Fassbinder, while keeping extraordinary faith with the book, has nonetheless shifted tones and colors, sometimes risking the ludicrous.

That shift is from the novelist's general objectivity to subjectivity much of the time. Döblin tries to show Franz as one figure, the figure on whom he happens to be concentrating, in a whirling world; Fassbinder tries to show us Franz, preeminently, with the world whirling around him. In Part Eleven, for instance, there's a quarrel between Franz and Mieze which ends with both of them screaming and with his beating of her. In the novel the scene occurs in a couple of pages of prose, in different styles with differing immediacies, all intended to "contain" the scene within the book's tone. Fassbinder gives us the quarrel straight on and hot, with the

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The Optimum Shape

Researchers at the General Motors Research Laboratories have developed the first integrated system for computer design of mechanical parts with minimum mass. Optimal Shape Generation automatically optimizes the component shape in a single computer run.

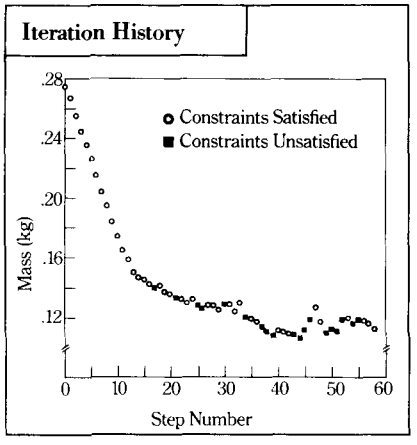
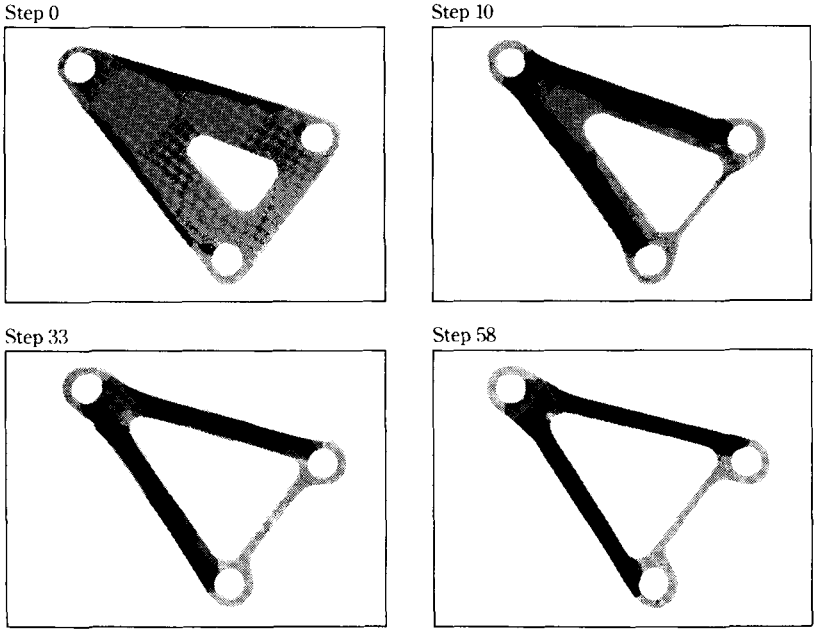


Figure 1: Decreasing mass plotted as a function of design iterations for the component shown in Figure 2.

Figure 2: Black-and-white photographs of shapes which appear in color on the CRT screen. Increasing darkness indicates increasing stress levels within the design limits.



COMPUTER-AIDED design systems automate the processes of generating geometric data and engineering drawings of parts, but they do not determine whether these parts meet structural performance requirements. In an ongoing research project at the General Motors Research Laboratories, a system has been developed that automatically ensures that the design meets structural performance constraints. More important, Optimal Shape Generation provides the component shape with the minimum mass capable of satisfying structural demands in a single computer run, without requiring human interaction with the machine.

In the last two decades, extensive research has been done in the area of computer design of structural components. Most of this work has focused on individual aspects of the process. Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin have succeeded in integrating the process from description of the model through convergence to the optimum solution.

Conventional systems continue distinctions characteristic of age-old "build and test" methods by separating the tasks of design generation and design analysis. Typically, a "designer" uses one computer system to produce engineering drawings of a given part. The task then shifts to an "evaluator" who creates a mathematical model with which to test the design on another computer system. The evaluator determines only whether or not the design meets the requirements. A lengthy interaction between the designer and the evaluator is required to optimize the design. Optimal Shape Generation integrates the process from design generation through design optimization. The system can generate the mathematical model from the design data as the shape changes without requiring additional input, thereby turning the process from a multiperson, multimachine operation into a one-person, one-machine operation.

Since there is no interaction beyond the initial input, a flexible description of the problem is crucial to effective use of the system. The researchers responded to this challenge by developing a geometric format based on a parametric description of the boundary. Defining the problem with geometric data is desirable because it describes the shape of the part in a

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form directly suitable for conceptual visualization.

Because the boundary geometric description must be transformed into an analysis model not once but several times, some type of automatic finite element mesh generation is required. The researchers adapted a mesh generation technique which divides a closed region into triangular elements based on a discrete description of the boundary. The sizes of the elements of the mesh are determined by a characteristic length selected for each problem and are related to the need for accurately describing the geometry. Automatic triangulation is used to create a set of connectivities for the discrete points placed uniformly throughout the part's interior with approximately the same density as the boundary points. The combination of boundary data description and automatic mesh generation permits the system to accommodate major changes in shape from the initial design.

ADEQUACY of the triangular meshes to calculate accurate stress levels was next addressed by the development of an adaptive mesh refinement scheme. By evaluating the solution for the uniform mesh created by the choice of characteristic length and identifying areas where the strain energy density changes rapidly, the system selects the areas of the mesh that require mesh refinement. These refinements can take the form of either adding elements in the area to be refined or increasing the order of the finite element polynomial interpolation. The former approach has been taken, because it can be implemented automatically and does not require the formulation of new finite elements.

The culmination of the process introduces an optimization routine which directs the design toward a minimum mass configuration. A mathematical optimization technique is used to change the design to that shape giving minimum mass within the structural constraints. This optimization technique is based upon a sequential first-order Taylor series approximation of the constraints and a feasible directions solution of the problem. Periodic mesh refinements are performed throughout the optimization, since the design is continually changing, and the system must predict the stresses and the behavior of the constraints as the design changes.

"By taking an integrated approach," says Dr. Bennett, "we're able to combine the objectives of reducing the mass of the material and meeting structural performance requirements in a single automatic system."

"We expect," adds Dr. Botkin, "that in the future this technique will become the standard way of designing structural components."

General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin are members of the Engineering Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Bennett holds the title of Assistant Department Head. He attended the University of Michigan as an undergraduate and received his graduate degrees from the same institution in the field of aerospace engineering. His Ph.D. thesis concerned non-linear vibrations. Before coming to General Motors in 1973, he taught aeronautical and astronautical engineering at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Botkin is a Staff Research Engineer. He received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Missouri at Rolla. His graduate work was in the field of civil engineering, and his doctoral thesis concerned structural optimization. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he worked for four years as a consultant to computer applications engineers.

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two actors on all fours screaming at each other, followed by Franz's savage beating of Mieze. The worst instances of intrusive subjectivity are the many reprises, including frequent flashbacks to Ida's murder, scenes that are superfluous to the film's dynamics and, oddly enough, are unfair to its peculiar morality. If Franz is truly haunted by that killing, then the morality of the film is out of kilter. My argument is not that a novel may not be adapted for cinematic purposes but that Fassbinder often strays from his implicit intent to be faithful to the book's very essences.

BUT WHATEVER his choices in tone—and again excepting most of the epilogue—Fassbinder directs what he has chosen to do with mastery. Three qualities shine in his directing: composition, traversal, apt distance. Often he composes frames with an object large in the foreground and with details in progressive planes to give the screen depth—an approach he learned from one of his idols, Josef von Sternberg. (No coincidence: a few times the near object is a birdcage, as in the first sequence of *The Blue Angel*.) Fassbinder makes his camera traverse—circling, tracking characters, closing in to intensify—as if to suggest that each moment is important but that each moment is also a step on a long journey. And he has an acute feeling for distance, when to keep away and let the scene reach *us*. The long scene in the forest between Reinhold and Mieze, the scene that ends in her death, is done mostly in long shots. This doesn't quite reproduce the effect of Döblin's prose—or the contention would have to be that the whole film should be in long shots—but, seen at that distance, the grim sequence becomes an event in the history of the world.

Even when I was not completely held—and what film could grip continuously for more than fifteen hours?—I was aware that the film and I were in good hands. (One odd point, however: I suppose it was a concession to TV, but the sex in the film is always consummated by people who keep their clothes on.) Obviously connected with Fassbinder's mastery is the quality of the acting. Not one of the many actors is anything but good, and some of them are marvelous. The role of Franz is prodigious, and Günter Lamprecht fulfills it with no hint of strain. His face doesn't have the ambiguities, the explorability, of Jannings's, but he has the same gigantic presence and range, conveys the same sense that the huge frame itself contains a theater within which a drama is playing.

Gottfried John, more "conventionally" large, is the stuttering, crafty Reinhold, craftily creating the nether, complementary territory of this moral world.

Mieze was Barbara Sukowa's second film role. She had made her screen debut in a Hungarian film (not shown in the United States) after nine years in the theater. Then came *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, which she followed with her fiery revolutionary in von Trotta's *Marianne and Juliane* and her excellent neo-Dietrich in Fassbinder's version of *The Blue Angel* called *Lola*. Sukowa is a wonderful Mieze, all the more wonderful if you have seen the subsequent pictures first. The outbursts of girlish happiness, the gratitude, the happy female subservience (a strong theme in the film) are all very moving. Few film acting careers anywhere promise more for us than Sukowa's.

Hanna Schygulla, the best known of Fassbinder's regular acting group because of *Effi Briest* and *The Marriage of Maria Braun* and *Lili Marleen*, plays Eva, and I regret that I haven't given more space to this important role. As the luxe tart who lives with a lover, rents herself elegantly, but is nonpossessively devoted to Franz, Schygulla is not just completely credible, she is lovely.

At least a few other excellent actors must, in decency, be specified: Elisabeth Trissenaar, as Polish Lina (not plump as Lina is in the book), the first of Franz's "steadies" after prison; Hark Böhm, as her treacherous "uncle"; Franz Buchrieser, as the taciturn, loyal Meck, a workman corrupted by unemployment into crime; Claus Wirt, as the wing-collared barman of Franz's *lokal*, with avuncular truth that grows quietly through the film.

The art direction by Harry Baer, who often acted for Fassbinder (he was the boy in *Jail Bait*), catches what Fassbinder apparently wanted: a combination of Sternberg and Lang. He provides a Sternberg dècor so detailed, no matter how impoverished the dwelling, that it's almost like a journey into the interior of a life. (But I didn't understand the clump of machinery—a printing press?—in a corner of Franz's lodgings. Why?) And he gives us Berlin streets with Lang's combination of the real and the theatrical, along with numerous odd lodgings and hideaways located downstairs—we descend to them.

Xaver Schwarzenberger, the cinematographer, worked on 16mm film with contradictory results. Sometimes the color is syrupy (it's never first-rate) and the figures slightly soft; but the subtlety of the lighting and the large compositions—amusement halls, for instance—are extraordinary for 16mm and also imply the technical superiority of European television, a matter of finer screen lines.

THE MAJOR FLAW of the film is the epilogue. (Imagine—a film so long that a section of about an hour can be discussed as a flaw.) Fassbinder called it "My Dream of Franz Biberkopf's Dream": it's a fantasia on Franz's fantasies during his stay in the asylum after Mieze's death. Fassbinder devises variations on many of the scenes and themes of the film, as a cadenza in a concerto offers variations on themes in the preceding movement. (And the cadenza used to be improvised by the performer himself.) But the results are as rank and lurid and vacuously symbolic as the worst of latter-day Pasolini, as precious as Fassbinder's own last film *Querelle*. Fassbinder believed of Franz and Reinhold that they were "two men whose little lives on this earth are destroyed because they never get the opportunity to muster up the courage even to recognize, much less to be able to admit to themselves, that they desire one another in an unusual way." Certainly a basis for this view exists as one component of the work, particularly in the way that Reinhold passes on women to Franz—a common enough index of suppressed homosexuality—in the way that Franz forgives Reinhold for the loss of his arm and that Reinhold is stupefied into helpfulness, in the way that at the last Reinhold must have and destroy the woman who loves Franz the most.

But the very fact that Fassbinder had to invent and insert the epilogue to underscore this theme is a proof of lopsidedness. The body of the work itself would not permit this skewing: Fassbinder had to create a quite separate commentary, intended to throw a retrospective light on the (nearly) finished film. Döblin's careful calibration of a moral scale, his juxtaposition of circumstances with causes ("We all lie under the same ax," says Döblin), are shoul-

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dered aside by an emphasis on *one* of the elements between the two men.

Among the many dream episodes, psychosexual and *religioso*, in the epilogue, are a boxing match between Franz and Reinhold that ends with their kissing each other; a closeup of Reinhold, bleeding, with a crown of thorns; a long shot of Reinhold crucified with the Mushroom Cloud billowing behind him as we hear jazz, followed by a crooner singing "Silent Night." I don't want to give more details because I don't want the epilogue, abysmal as it is, to seem to outweigh the value of the huge work that precedes it.

At any event, just as a cadenza journeys to the conclusion already written by the composer, this epilogue ends with the novel's finish, Franz working as a watchman in a factory. His life is now continent and dull. Society has punished him into blandness and rewarded him with a job.

We come at last to the questions raised at the outset, one question really: How long is a film? Put aside short films as a quite different subject. Put aside Syberberg's seven-hour *Our Hitler*, my previous longest experience, because it was a "documentary" rhapsody on historical motifs. Fassbinder is working in fiction, and we are all conditioned by the fiction-film conventions of our time. All our present ideas of narrative structure, character development, pace, and completion are bound up with films of between 90 and 120 minutes. A few of them run an hour or so longer. (Sixty years ago they usually ran only one hour or so in entirety.) Our conscious and unconscious instruments of appreciation are tuned to experience in the 90 to 120 minute range. Kenneth Burke says somewhere that form is the arousal and satisfaction of expectation; and our arousal of expectation with a film is connected to satisfaction within a time-frame that had its origins in the theater.

Fassbinder attacks that theatrical expectation and invites us to replace it with the expectation we have for the novel. If you call *Berlin Alexanderplatz* only a TV mini-series shown in a clump, you merely dodge the aesthetic problem. A mini-series shown in a clump (I've sampled one) looks exactly like that. Fassbinder had a different goal. It's not merely that his directing is better than most TV direction. Most TV direction seems to reach the tiny screen gasping at its good luck in getting that far and finishing its job. Fassbinder's direction is only *utilizing* TV, as a means of getting this giant job done, as a means of making a giant *film*. The head of West German TV programming, Günter Rohrbach, one of the film's backers and a Fassbinder champion, insists on the future of what he calls the "amphibious" film, one equally suited to showing on the little and on the large screen. Europe has given us a number of such good works in the last decade or so. *Berlin Alexanderplatz* is only (only!) the longest of them. But by its daring, it attacks the very bases of our film expectations. True, so true that it's a truism, the intrinsics of film structure often resemble the novel much more than the drama, but the exterior has still had theatrical "shape." That, and all that grows from it, is what Fassbinder has attacked.

To see *Berlin Alexanderplatz* is to experience, right from the start, a sensation of danger, of venture. A film is going to *take time* (the phrase acquires a new meaning): take time to explore character, evoke themes, delineate architecture. I felt both excitement and the sense of settling in for a long haul, heightened by the fact that the frame-by-frame skills are those that would be used for a good picture of conventional length. (The opposite of the journeyman knitting needles of Masterpiece Theater.) The sense of launching into new "space" was greater than any space picture has given me.

"Immensity," said Gaston Bachelard, "is a philosophical category of daydream. Daydream undoubtedly feeds on all kinds of sights, but through a sort of natural inclination, it contemplates grandeur." The daydream of film has been extending its ideas of immensity since the turn of the century. Fassbinder has pushed the boundaries further. I am scarcely eager for a flood of fifteen-hour films—not unless the span of healthy, active life can be trebled to accommodate them. But Fassbinder committed an act of mind-opening, aesthetic imperialism, claiming the same time-territory for a film that we would give Döblin's 635-page novel. For thirty years or so, it has often been said, truly, of good directors that they were taking on the work of novelists. Antonioni and Bresson and Bergman and Ozu did that work within time precincts set by the theater. The real value of Fassbinder's imperialism may lie in this: *whether or not* most films grow to be much longer, his action may affect the ways that the best filmmakers and the best audiences come to consider all films.

An engrossing and vivid account of Bertolt Brecht's life and work during his fascinating, trying Hollywood years

"Cook brings to the subject a fresh point of view, a skeptical attitude, and a strong style. He is a thorough journalist whose book may anger the Brecht establishment . . . This corrective study may be essential to a full understanding of Brecht."
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SCRIPTS FOR THE PAGEANT

Briefing Materials on Debate Strategy
Reagan-Bush Committee

(Privately circulated, 71 pp.)

Presidential Debate Briefing Materials: Domestic, Foreign Policy, and National Security
Carter-Mondale Re-Election Committee

(Privately circulated, 245 pp., stolen, price negotiable)

Memorandum II: Debate Strategy from Patrick H. Caddell
Carter-Mondale Re-Election Committee

(Privately circulated, published as an appendix to Elizabeth Drew's *Portrait of an Election*)

Public Papers of the Presidents of the United States: Jimmy Carter, 1980-81, Book III, pp. 2476-2502
The Transcript of the 1980 Presidential Campaign Debate, Cleveland, Ohio, October 28, 1980

(United States Government Printing Office, $24)

These briefing books for the 1980 television debate may be read as the equivalent for our own age of *The Prince* of Machiavelli. "As a prince must be able to act just like a beast, he should learn from the fox and the lion," wrote Machiavelli in Chapter XVIII of his manual; "because the lion does not defend himself against traps, and the fox does not defend himself against wolves. So one has to be a fox in order to recognize traps, and a lion to frighten off wolves." It is true that the briefing books do not command such simple and forceful language. But their object is the same: to teach the Prince of our own age how he may be a fox on television, while seeming to be a lion. But unlike *The Prince*, these are manuals for a democracy.

The Reagan briefing book begins with the clear injunction: "Be yourself." Gazing sardonically at the Borgias and Medicis he served, Machiavelli would scarcely have given such advice. How much more open our democracy! But having given such straightforward counsel, the briefing book then at once contradicts it. Its first purpose is to tell Ronald Reagan what "self" he should present to the people. He is told that "it is critical that you demonstrate constraint, firmness, moderation and compassion." On the next page, he is urged to make the debate focus on "compassion." On the page after that, he is informed that it will be one of his advantages to "appear robust and vigorous." But these are only the preface to the passage which is the key text in all these works: "Televised political debates focus on image attributes more than issue positions."

The very words in this text show how debilitated the language of the political consultant has become. One remembers when the political vocabulary was first stretched to speak of "image." Now there are "image attributes." In the same way, "issues" have become "issue positions." And what are the "attributes" which the Prince is urged to image forth? They are listed in this order: "Competence—Compassion—Reasonableness, moderation, and thoughtfulness—Strength." This is a telling mixture of what are really only acquired skills, such as competence, and qualities of a man's soul, such as compassion and strength, which not even every saint has always been able to find in himself. The attributes which Carter was urged to display—"Integrity, sincerity, openness, intelligence, steadiness and common-man touch."—are less ambitious. Yet one wonders what a politician does before a mirror to practise openness, to strike a pose of steadiness, to emit intelligence like a glowworm.

For the answer we have only to follow the instructions further. Reagan was told: "Compassion is most easily communicated by referring to situations during the course of campaign experience." (Who told Lincoln how to "communicate"—for that is the crucial word—compassion in his Second Inaugural?)

TURNING to the debate itself, we see that the man who would be Prince had mastered his lessons. Asked what he would do about urban blight and poverty, well-groomed Reagan followed his trainer's advice: "I stood in the South Bronx on the exact spot that President Carter stood on in 1977. You have to see it to believe it . . ."; and so on, in an extended and rehearsed image from which he milked all the compassion needed to move a prime-time electorate of crocodiles to tears. But the incumbent Prince scarcely came up to scratch with his weak rejoinder: "When I was campaigning in 1976," Carter said, "everywhere I went the mayors and officials were in despair."

Reagan was also told: "Emphasize strength and decisiveness while avoiding stridency. Anderson's stridency hurt him in the previous debate." The lion shouldn't roar. His advisers were clearly worried about the "stridency" he had sometimes exhibited in impromptu statements as well as in his old radio broadcasts. He was instructed that he might "show righteous indignation" in only two contexts, and then: "Looking directly at Carter in such instances may be very effective. This not only causes Carter's strategy to backfire, but also makes you appear strong and in control." Even more emphatically: "Let Carter set the attack tone of the debate. Attempt to equal—*but not surpass*—his tone." And again: "Remaining in control—composed—Presidential—is an absolute must." He was also urged to use "disarming humor" to meet attacks by Carter, and to "build rapport and trust with the electorate"; or as James A. Baker III phrased it, to display "humor and a confident smile."

On the other side of the fence, Patrick Caddell in his memorandum was warning Carter: "I'm sure the Reagan

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people expect us to go right after him—direct, tough, mean. Reagan will be prepared to deflect these. . . . " He warned in capital letters: "IT IS IMPOSSIBLE BOTH TO LOOK PRESIDENTIAL AND TO CHASE REAGAN." Caddell was emphatic on this: "We do not want to try and 'nail Reagan down' on specifics. . . . There is a temptation to pin Reagan down by firing direct challenges at him." The main Carter briefing book gave the same warnings, by examining Reagan's methods in previous debates: "He uses conversational [answers] effectively . . . to make his own points without sounding shrill or harsh"; "He occasionally injects a light touch . . . , including some self-deprecating humor"; "He is very disarming, always general." Yet on the previous page, the briefing book had told Carter: "You may want to use the technique of challenging Reagan"; and it provided thirteen (unlucky number!) examples of how sentences may be begun: "I challenge Governor Reagan to deny / name / tell us / explain / be specific about. . . . " These are set out like the simplest models in a third-grade grammar.

Once again, let's turn from the primers to the debate itself and watch the Princes performing. Reagan displayed disarming humor from his opening remark in answer to the first question: "I don't know what the differences might be, because I don't know what Mr. Carter's policies are. I do know what he has said about mine." There, in the first minute, he had established the idea that Carter was mean and unfair. The humor came again on the unlikely subject of international terrorism: "Well, Barbara, you've asked that question twice. I think you ought to have at least one answer." But as everyone remembers, the main use of this weapon came when Carter, on the issue of national health insurance, did precisely what Caddell had warned against. He ended his reply with words which sounded like a sneer: "Governor Reagan, again, typically, is against such a proposal," and the way was open for Reagan's most devastatingly disarming reply: "There you go again [laughter]," which of course won the audience.

Carter's talents on stage were worse but it must be said that his briefing material was inferior as well—judged by none too high standards. There are moments in reading all three of these elaborate briefing books when one has to pinch oneself, to recall that they were addressed to two grown-up men who were seeking to be President of the United States.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

What the books show is not only a profound, malignant contempt for politics, for democracy, for the electors, but a deep condescension toward and disrespect for the candidates themselves. No opponent or critic of either man could think them to be such fools as their advisers take them to be. They do not have to suspend disbelief to put their candidates on the screen. They do not believe that their men ever exist outside their manipulation of them. What they are teaching their Princes is what they should have learned from Dick and Jane readers or, in Reagan's case, from McGuffey's *First Reader*. "Use catch phrases which people can remember," Carter was told, and the authors of the briefing book promised, "We will provide them to you." As an example they suggested this formula: "Kemp-Roth is a 'rich man's tax cut which would flood the country with dollars as fast as the printing presses could print them.' " That's a catch phrase? It's more of a tongue twister. Yet, sure enough, in the debate Carter three times spoke of "the Reagan-Kemp-Roth proposal" and its inflationary pressures. How many millions the next day went round saying catchily to their friends: "How about that Reagan-Kemp-Roth proposal! . . ."

Only a little less unsettling are the handwritten injunctions to Reagan at the top of various sections: "KNOW GENERALLY." These sections are "Health Care"; "Arms Control/SALT"; and "Relations with the Soviet Union." On these three subjects, apparently, the candidate could skip his lessons. He need only "know generally" about them. So is the Prince now treated as a pupil whose mind should not be stretched—and sometimes should be disguised. "DO NOT USE" warn some handwritten marginal notes in the Reagan briefing book. Do not, for example, make a reference to Carter's position on Taiwan, the authors instruct, or to a Carter protest against the "racist" bombing of Vietnam villages: both of them points of which Reagan had made much in the past.

The most persistent advice given to Carter was that he should emphasize "what you have learned as President. . . . The next four years will be better because of the unique learning experience you have acquired." No advice could have been more disastrous. One of the worst impressions which Carter had given as President was that

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he had been learning on the job, and that like a Baptist Sunday School teacher he was proud of this humbling "learning experience." Yet in his first reply in the debate, he followed the precepts of the briefing book: "I have had to make thousands of decisions since I've been President, serving in the Oval Office. And with each one of those decisions that affect the future of my country, I have learned in the process. I think I'm a much wiser and more experienced man." In his closing statement, he reiterated: ". . . each one of those decisions has been a learning process." What he was doing was throwing away any advantage which his experience in office might have given him: by his repeated emphases, he was giving the impression that he was still learning. Similarly, the briefing book had told him to stress that Reagan did not "understand the complexities" of the country's problems. This was bad advice anyhow, bound to sound like a superior sniff, but it came out as "I've also learned that there are no simple answers to complicated questions"—making Carter again the slow learner.

CARTER was also urged several times to capitalize on Reagan's statements that he relied on "experts" by saying that eventually the President must be the "expert." Again, one wonders how the courtiers of this particular Prince could give such bad advice. One of the main criticisms of his Presidency was that he lost sight of the big picture in trying to make himself an expert on details. Yet in the debate he resorted to this tactic: " . . . the chances are the experts will be divided almost 50-50. And the final judgment . . . has to be made by the man in the Oval Office. It's a lonely job." In other words, only he was to blame, whereas Reagan, when he spoke of expert advice, left his experts exposed, but not himself.

A whole section in the Carter briefing book was devoted to "SACRIFICE." (After four years in office, appealing for sacrifice is unwise.) But what is interesting is that in the model answer to the test question on this theme, Carter was instructed to say: "I have asked the American people to make some sacrifices over the past four years and they have responded well." In the debate itself, he stated: "Yes, we have demanded that the American people sacrifice, and they've done very well." Reagan had no difficulty in meeting this: ". . . he has blamed the people for inflation, . . . he has then accused the people of living too well, and that we must share in scarcity; we must sacrifice and get used to doing with less." Yet the trap for Carter had been laid in his own briefing book.

THE QUESTION inevitably arises at this point: is there evidence in the Reagan briefing materials that the possession of the Carter briefing books was useful to the Reagan camp? The answer is yes. The Reagan volume opens with two memoranda from Richard Wirthlin, dated October 21 and 24, and one from James A. Baker, dated October 24, four days before the debate. These are followed by a section of five pages which are in manner and typescript—one can tell even from the Xerox—quite unlike any of the other sections which follow. This section is called "LIKELY CARTER ATTACK LINES," and is divided into two parts: "Carter Attacks" and "RR Flip-Flops." No one who has read the Carter briefing book can have much doubt that this section of Reagan's book was written by people who had also read the Carter materials. In fact, their clear, clean summary of "Carter Attack Lines" is almost identical with the one I made as I read his briefing book, and very similar indeed to the original itself—the list of attacks and flip-flops follows exactly the same order. Moreover, there is some other internal textual evidence of plagiarism. This section entitled "LIKELY CARTER ATTACK LINES" comprises the only pages in the Reagan briefing book which have not been underlined or otherwise marked by someone on the campaign staff.

The advisers who told Reagan to "Be Yourself" also told him what of himself he should *not* show. Having instructed him to concentrate on Carter's incompetence and his own compassion, they say abruptly: "Neither position can be reinforced when the Governor defends past positions." Again, the Republican and conservative candidate is warned: "It is extremely important to avoid references to 'Republicans and Democrats' or 'I am a conservative,' because ticket-splitters are nonpartisans who are put-off by these words." Still later, in the section on women's issues, he is instructed: "Do *not* reiterate abortion position." Carter got the opposite advice. He was told to emphasize that he was a Democrat, that Reagan was a Republican, and that the differences between them were deep. There is no need to quote from the transcript of the debate to show how both candidates followed the advice of their briefing books. Reagan contrived to appeal above party to the ticket-splitters and even disaffected Democrats; Carter again and again fell back on the party labels and sharpened differences instead of bridging them.

So one could go on, combing these dreary manuals for our political leaders. How much should we be dismayed by them? On the first page of the Reagan briefing book, he is told: "Our advantage lies in the fact that you are the best electronic media candidate in history." Caddell's memorandum to Carter takes up the theme: "Reagan is an actor. . . . After all, he is an actor." From this, he deduced the wrong advice: "Whatever the veneer, [Reagan] will go into the beginning of this debate nervous, even scared." Really? There were no signs of stage fright, from his first disarming sentences right through to the end. In fact as the debate went on, it confirmed the abrupt, brutal prediction in the Reagan briefing book that Carter "will likely appear bleached out and tense." But in precisely the comparisons which I have been using in this paragraph lie the most ominous message of these works. Even as one reads them, one begins to accept their standards, their tests, the qualifications which they think make a good, salable Prince.

For four hundred and fifty years Machiavelli's advice to his Prince has been open to widely different interpretations. Certain of its qualities, however, are indisputable. Machiavelli expected a great deal of the Prince. He was to unify fractious Italy, no less, to prevent further anarchy and war. He might be modeled on Cesare Borgia: he might be an amoral and calculating tyrant. But at least Machiavelli found some majesty in the work which a people's governors must do. The Princes in these briefing books are stripped of all majesty, and so, necessarily, are the votes which are being invited from the people. The advice given to the Prince here is calculating and amoral—but to no end other than the deceiving of a nation. He is taught to be foxy, indeed; but is held back from being a lion. These are scripts for our age: the Prince in drag.

HENRY FAIRLIE

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EVERYBODY BUT SHAKESPEARE

The Passionate War: The Narrative History of the Spanish Civil War 1936-1939 by Peter Wyden

(Simon & Schuster, 574 pp., $19.95)

"The narrative history" is the subtitle of Peter Wyden's book on the Spanish Civil War. The article seems a trifle presumptuous and the adjective would once have seemed redundant; but the Muse of History has in recent years turned statistician-sociologist and some qualification was necessary to give the reader a signal that this book is the most old-fashioned kind of history imaginable. Like the book of the Father of History, the Greek Herodotus, it is an account of a war told mainly through the stories of individual actors and sufferers. The readers will find here no profound analysis of the causes or indeed of the politics of the war—for that he must go to Burnett Bolloten and Hugh Thomas; what he will find is a fast-moving sequence of dramatic scenes, each one centered on an individual, and all of them skillfully linked in a narrative which, however selectively, does cover the progress and the main events of this complicated conflict. Many of the separate scenes are, or contain, good stories—the French have a word for it: *histoire anecdotique*—but Wyden insists that this is not a "docudrama." It is, he says,

> the most painstaking possible reconstruction based on interviews and an extraordinary outpouring of records, diaries, histories, autobiographies, letters, all sifted and cross-checked to avoid any avoidable inaccuracy. Motives and thoughts attributed to individuals also are drawn, without "extrapolation," from surviving eyewitnesses and contemporaneous writing. . . . All sources are cited in detail in the source notes.

These sources are for the most part firsthand accounts (though some of them have been filtered through later compilers—Dan Kurzman's unreliable *Miracle of November* (1980), for example, is cited far too often); many of them are based on a remarkable number of interviews with survivors. For his earlier book, *The Bay of Pigs* (1974), Wyden used not only documents extracted from official United States sources and interviews with Cubans who had taken part in that ill-fated adventure; he had also the brilliant idea of asking Fidel Castro for his side of the story and was regaled with a lengthy and fascinating account of the operation from the other side. For this new book he has landed no comparable big fish but the net was spread wide and the catch is impressive.

He cites interviews with Serrano Suñer, Franco's brother-in-law (who was caught in Madrid and escaped by a miracle), with no less than ten former flyers and artillery officers of the Nazi Condor Legion, with more than a dozen members of the American Lincoln Brigade, with Martha Gellhorn, with the widow of Merriman, commander of the Lincolns and Hemingway's model for Robert Jordan, with Claude Cockburn, with the Spanish officials who transferred the gold of the Bank of Spain to Russian ships at Cartagena, with a nun who was condemned to death and saw her Mother Superior shot in Madrid, with a former member of a Franco firing squad, with a man who helped bury the burned corpses after the killings at Badajoz and a woman who searched for her brother's body in the streets of Toledo as the victorious Moors were let loose on the civil population, as well as with a host of minor characters including the writer of this review. Wyden cites correspondence with survivors and also papers deposited in research libraries, Louis Fischer's at Princeton, for example, letters of Martha Gellhorn to Eleanor Roosevelt at Hyde Park, a Hemingway manuscript of a fundraising speech for Spain in the John F. Kennedy Library. In addition he has read widely in the enormous literature of the subject and his book takes stock of much new material that has appeared since the revised edition (1977) of Thomas's standard *Spanish Civil War*.

The individual figures who hold the stage for a page or two (many of them, of course, like Hemingway, more than once) number about one hundred and fifteen. Over eighty of these protagonists are supporters of the government; some thirty are on the rebel side. This disproportion does not necessarily reflect a bias (though Wyden, like so many of his actors, is for the Republic, in spite of its many faults); it is much more likely to be a consequence of his method, for the plain fact is that the Republican cause attracted many more noteworthy and picturesque personalities than the other side. ("They may have won all the battles," runs a Tom Lehrer ballad, "but we had all the good songs.") Some thirty-five of these pivotal figures are Spaniards; the rest are foreign volunteers, newsmen or just plain visitors. "Everybody was there but Shakespeare," a Canadian volunteer said to Wyden, and on the Republican side the international visiting list is indeed stupendous. Malraux, Koestler, Orwell, Hemingway, Martha Gellhorn, Spender, and Auden everyone has heard of, but it will come as a surprise to many to run into Simone Weil (invalided out of an anarchist column in Aragon after spilling boiling olive oil from a cooking pot over herself); Barbara Tuchman (four years out of Vassar, a correspondent for *The Nation*); Emma Goldman (who at the age of sixty-seven finally saw anarchism in action at Durrutti's headquarters) and Josephine Herbst (a member of Hemingway's exclusive club on the dangerous side of the Hotel Florida). The Franco side had no such magnetism for literary and Bohemian personalities; it attracted professionals like Adolf Galland who rose to become commanding general of Hitler's fighter arm and von Thoma, who later commanded Rommel's tanks in North Africa, Luigi Barzini Sr., correspondent for Mussolini's *Popolo d'Italia* and Kim Philby, working for the London *Times* (but reporting also to the Russians).

Wyden, of course, is a professional too, and the narrative is skillful—fast-paced and absorbing. Even long-familiar scenarios, like the siege and relief of the Alcazar, have a freshness of impact which comes mainly from his careful selection of details, many of them new, gathered from eyewitness survivors. But the book also makes some important contributions to the evidence for the history of the war and explores some of its most controversial features.

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The slaughter of prisoners at Badajoz, for example, the first major town captured by Franco troops against determined resistance, was reported at the time by one foreign eyewitness, the Portuguese journalist Mario Neves, who was allowed in by the Franco general Yagüe since Portugal's dictator Salazar was backing Franco to the hilt. Wyden has corresponded with Neves to gather some new details of his nightmare tour of the city while the first round of executions was in progress; he has secured (and reproduces) a still from the French newsreels showing a huge heap of burned corpses outside the bullring; and he has interviewed an unemployed Portuguese laborer who was hired to bury these same corpses in a ditch forty meters long, ten meters wide, and one and one-half deep and who saw, in a grim preview of the Nazi death camps, a stack of gold fillings from the victims' teeth piled up on the side of the grave.

ON ANOTHER Franco massacre over which charge and denial have been exchanged ever since, the destruction of Guernica, Wyden is noncommittal. Guernica was destroyed, no doubt about that—85 percent of its buildings collapsed and the civilian casualties were at least two thousand—but controversy still rages about the objectives of the Luftwaffe officers who planned and carried out the raid. It was assumed by the civilized world at the time that this was the first attempt to implement the theories of the Italian strategist Douhet—that a war could be won simply by flattening the enemy cities from the air and so destroying enemy morale. The defense made by the Germans, at the time and since, is that their objective was a strategic bridge just east of the town; its destruction would have cut off the retreat of the government forces on the Viscaya front.

Wyden quotes only secondary sources here; they are all based, as they must be since the question is German intentions, on suspect sources, the pilots themselves. The planner of the operation, von Richthofen, who later commanded the Stukas in Poland, became a field marshal and finally died of a brain tumor in 1945, wrote in his diary after the raid, when the Nationalists entered the city: "Guernica literally razed . . . bomb craters visible in the streets . . . *ganz toll*—simply fabulous!" Naturally he did not write that his intention was to flatten the town and break the Basques' morale, but he doesn't mention the bridge which later was put forward as the real objective; he merely laments that since the Franco troops did not move in fast enough after the raid, it was "only a complete technical success." Wyden, in the end, leaves the matter open to doubt. But since that same Luftwaffe went on to do exactly the same thing at Rotterdam and Coventry (and tried to do it too at London); since, in spite of the fact that forty-three aircraft dropped one hundred thousand pounds of bombs on a target undefended by either flak or fighters, the bridge remained undamaged; and since, in addition, one third of the bomb load consisted of incendiaries, useless against a bridge, this seems to be a case of bending over much too far backward in an attempt to be fair.

"History calls it the Spanish Civil War," says Wyden in a short prologue, "but it was no more a Spanish war or a civil war than the Vietnam war was a struggle between North and South Vietnam." Opinions may differ about how far the Vietnam war was a war between North and South Vietnam but though it is true that, as Wyden goes on to say, "in Spain the world was choosing sides for the years to come," the combatants and the casualties were overwhelmingly Spanish. The massive reprisals, most of them on the Franco side, were also in the Spanish tradition; even Farinacci, one of Mussolini's most brutal lieutenants, wrote to his *Duce*: "It is a sort of contest to see who can massacre more people, almost a national sport." And the barbarous ferocity of those reprisals was also recognizably Spanish; one cannot imagine a more suitable series of symbolic illustrations for this war than "*Los desastres de la guerra*," Goya's macabre images of the war of 1808-1813.

FRANCO was indeed the ally of Hitler and Mussolini but when the World War came he did nothing for the Italians and he thwarted Hitler's pet scheme to take Gibraltar from the landward side; he may have been a "fascist" of some kind (whatever that elastic term can still convey after so many decades of loose use) but, unlike Hitler and Mussolini, he did not create a mass movement, and also, unlike them, he was a professional soldier—his revolt, in fact, was a classic Spanish *pronunciamiento*, a military takeover. Someday the history of the war will be written by a Spaniard who can see it impartially from a national perspective and give it tragic form, but that day will not come soon; the wounds are very deep and will be slow to heal. Meanwhile, the story will continue to be told by outsiders, who quite naturally feature the foreign intervention.

WYDEN, just as naturally, favors the American participation (just as Hugh Thomas, in the first edition of his authoritative book, found that he had "given too much attention . . . to the role of the International Brigades, particularly the British contingent"). Wyden begins and ends his book with incidents from Alvah Bessie's fine account of his service in the Lincoln Brigade; much space is devoted to the career of Merriman, the Berkeley economics instructor who commanded the Lincoln Brigade and died in the retreat from Aragon; two fascinating sections deal with the career of Robert Gladnick, a Russian-born New York seaman, who started out with the Lincolns and ended up a member of a Soviet tank squadron. And a great deal of space—too much, for my money—is devoted to the doings of Ernest Hemingway.

It is of course true that Hemingway wrote a magnificent if flawed novel about the war (the main flaw being the hero's mushy romance with the little "rabbit" Maria); it is true, too, that he did much by his writing and speaking for the Republican cause and that he risked his life in Spain persistently (and often needlessly). But his assumption of the role of combatwise veteran, which was widely accepted by his peers, had no basis in fact; he had never, strictly speaking, been in combat at all. As an ambulance driver in Italy in World War I, he operated behind the lines; the one time he went to the trenches, to distribute cigarettes, he was badly smashed up by a huge trench mortar bomb; in spite of his wounds, he carried an injured companion to safety. All his experience after that was as a war correspondent—in Turkey in 1921, and in Spain. I am not denying that war correspondents have to be brave men—their casualty list is warrant enough for their courage—but there is one vital distinction between war reporter and soldier: the one can come and go as he pleases and where he chooses, the other goes and stays where he is ordered. The reporter can choose his risks; the soldier cannot. The soldier is in it for

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the duration; the only way he can get out is on a stretcher or in a bag. And he lives with the sure knowledge that if it goes on long enough his turn will come; the strong, the skillful, the lucky—it will take them all.

"Do you not see," says Achilles to Lycaon, whom he is about to kill, "what a man I am, how huge, how splendid . . .? / Yet even I have also my death and my strong destiny, / and there shall be a dawn or an afternoon or a noontime / when some man in the fighting will take the life from me also. . . ." In *Dispatches*, Michael Herr's extraordinary book on the Vietnam war ("It's the Rolling Stones go to Nam," a young veteran of the war told me), there is the story of the puzzled young Marine who can't believe that the reporters came to his outpost on Mutter's Ridge of their own volition: "You mean you guys *volunteered* to come over here . . . You guys *asked* to come here?" He cannot bridge the gulf between the harsh necessity of his own exposure to mutilation and death and the condition of a "hopeless fool who could put himself through this thing when he had choices . . . who had no more need of his life than to play with it in this way."

THE OTHER side of this coin is the Marine who, seeing a group of correspondents leave for the rear, says bitterly: "I hope those guys get killed." There is hardly a combat infantryman who has not at some time or other felt at least a trace of that same deadly resentment as he watched privileged visitors go back to where a man can stand up. Hemingway was a great writer and, in some areas, especially that of honor among men, exquisitely sensitive; he must have been conscious of this gulf between himself and the fighting men and tried to bridge it by displays of bravado, some of them quite simply silly.

Still it was to be expected that Wyden would give us a lot of Hemingway; he is very good copy. And in any case this imbalance does not detract from the value of the book, which is meant, after all, for American readers and especially for the young, to whom the Spanish Civil War, if they have heard of it at all, is ancient history. It was so even in the 1950s, as I learned to my astonishment at Yale, where an undergraduate came up to me at a party and said, hesitantly and as if he could not believe what he was saying: "I was told you fought in the Spanish Civil War." When I answered that I had and asked him why he was interested he looked at me with a reverent expression that made me feel like one of the Elgin Marbles and said: "Sir, that's my thesis!" Wyden's book will bring ancient history to life for those who have a vague feeling that there was a Spanish *Something* War (was it Civil or American?) and provide themes for argument to all those who in their salad days, whether in arms or at home, followed the fortunes of Spain and, in Herbert Matthews's phrase, left their hearts there.

BERNARD KNOX

Bernard Knox fought in the machine-gun company of the French Battalion of the XI International Brigade at Madrid.

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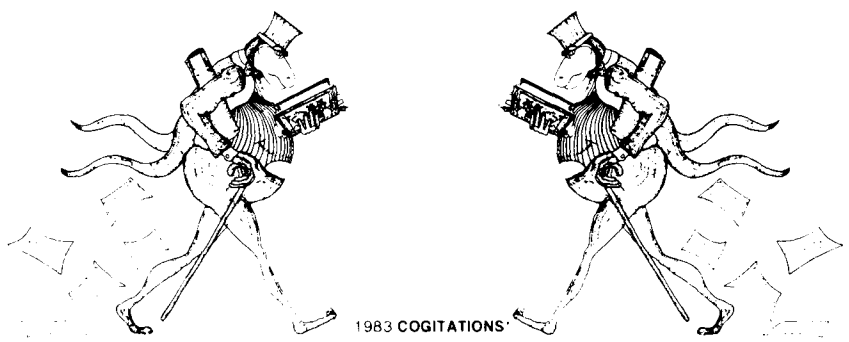

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MALIGN NEGLECT

Children Without Childhood
by Marie Winn

(Pantheon, 288 pp., $13.95)

Our Endangered Children: Growing Up in a Changing World
by Vance Packard

(Little, Brown, 352 pp., $17.95)

With more than a hint of satisfaction, a feature story in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* announced in February, 1981, that the "parenthood mystique has gone into an irrevocable decline." The feminist movement, improved contraceptives, and the "necessity of the two-income family" had made the financial and emotional burdens of child-rearing increasingly unattractive to a new generation of adults eager to savor the joys of leisure, travel, and sexual self-discovery. No longer defensive about their choice not to have children, the educated professional classes saw through "pronatalist" ideologies and put the "burden of proof" on those who plunged recklessly into parenthood, not on those who sensibly abstained.

A schoolteacher, quoted in this report, noted that "children can be fun, in small doses, but they can also be unrelentingly demanding. They don't have much time for anyone's fantasies but their own." A university instructor pointed out that children "turn your partner into a mother, one of the most depressing forms a human being can assume."

In his study of the baby-boom generation, published in 1980, Landon Jones attributed the abandonment of the "procreation ethic" to feminism, consumerism, and the emergence of a new set of public attitudes toward children, which "vary between benign neglect and outward [outright?] hostility." Children had fallen "out of favor," according to Jones. Neither parenthood nor marriage commanded the unthinking acceptance that had produced the baby boom in the first place. At best, they appeared to present two "options" out of many. The devaluation of the family, Jones thought, would prove "one of the most enduring and irreversible acts of the boom generation."

Today things no longer look quite so simple. Not that the demographic trends of the 1970s have reversed themselves. People continue to marry later than they married twenty-five years ago. They have fewer children. Many have no children at all. Wives continue to work. The divorce rate continues to climb. What has changed is that people have begun to understand the costs of the new "lifestyles," especially the cost paid by children.

Glib optimism no longer commands automatic assent. A few years ago, authorities on the family assured us that children are better off when their parents divorce than when they bicker endlessly; that divorce disrupts children's lives no more painfully than the death of a parent, which used to break up families, allegedly, at the same rate; and that nuclear families in any case produce neurotic, acquisitive, and overly competitive children. This kind of reassurance no longer carries much conviction. People have lost the illusion that they can have the best of everything. Instead of talking about "options," they talk about "trade-offs." This kind of talk has a glibness of its own, since it tends to give equal weight to alternatives that are often incommensurable and to assign this weight a cash value. But at least it recognizes the need to choose between competing sets of desirable goods.

Thus although it may be a good thing for women to achieve economic independence from men, it is also a good thing for children to have mothers, not a series of casual caretakers. It may be a good thing for a man and a woman to break up an intolerable marriage, but it is also a good thing for children to have two parents. Thanks to a number of sensible reports on family life and child-rearing, including the new books by Vance Packard and Marie Winn, and to the general climate of diminishing expectations, we have reached the point where it is possible to make such observations without inviting accusations of antifeminism and reactionary "nostalgia."

Without being alarmist, Packard and Winn argue that children have paid a heavy price for the new freedom of action enjoyed by adults. Children spend too much time watching television, since adults use the television set as a baby-sitter and a substitute for parental guidance and discipline. (On this subject, the reader should consult Marie Winn's earlier book on television, *The Plug-In Drug*.) They spend too many of their days in child-care centers, most of which offer the most perfunctory kind of care. They eat junk food, listen to junk music, read junk comics, and spend endless hours playing video games, because their parents are too busy or too harried to offer them proper nourishment for their minds and bodies. They attend third-rate schools and get third-rate moral advice from their elders. Many parents and educators, having absorbed a therapeutic morality and a misplaced idea of egalitarianism, hesitate to "impose" their moral standards on the young or to appear overly "judgmental." According to a psychiatric study cited by Winn, "the majority of the parents shy away from firmly stating that they, rather than the children, should set the rules, and some parents state that *everyone* should be equal." The parents of an eleven-year-old boy who pushed his mother into a door, broke one of the bones in her back, and kicked her in the face while she lay on the floor told an interviewer who asked for a moral judgment on the child's action, "It was neither right nor wrong."

CONTRARY TO progressive wisdom, children experience the divorce of their parents, according to Packard and Winn, as a "devastating blow." Both authors present a great deal of evidence on this point, all of it disconcerting to those who wish to minimize the traumatic effect of divorce on children. According to Winn, divorce "causes men and women to regress to a childlike state of helplessness and dependence" and puts a double burden on children. "Not only must they cope with their own painful feelings of loss and resentment, but they must at the same time deal with the helplessness and misery that their parents cannot successfully hide from

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them." After summarizing the evidence documenting the devastating effects of divorce on children, Packard concludes that the "reduction of our spectacularly high rate of divorce where children are involved should be considered as a national challenge."

Children suffer not only from the divorce epidemic and from all the other tangible and immediate forms of neglect documented in these books but from a subtle change in the cultural climate—a new "coolness toward child-raising," as Packard puts it, that expresses itself in the decision not to have children but also in a pervasive cultural prejudice against the young, which has replaced the sentimentalism of earlier times. Packard speaks of an "anti-child movement," an attempt to ban children from apartment houses and restaurants, to replace family outings with cocktail parties restricted to adults, and to keep children and adults in "different worlds." Both Packard and Winn identify an even more disturbing dimension of the prejudice against children, which seeks not to segregate them but to exploit them sexually in movies and advertising, perhaps also in actual practice. There is some evidence that incest is on the rise. Whether it is or not, "a whole flock of sex researchers, academic sexual radicals, and other influential individuals and groups have been pushing the idea," as Packard notes, that incest may lead to "real intimacy within the family at a time when our world is becoming increasingly depersonalized" and that "antiquated ideas about incest today are comparable to the fears of masturbation a century ago." Packard and Winn rightly regard the idea of "salutary incest" as one of the most important and distressing signs of the "fatalism" about children that runs through our culture today—the feeling that adults are helpless in dealing with children, powerless to offer them a sheltered space to grow up in or to protect them from the devastating impact of the adult world, and therefore not responsible for failing to protect them or even from exploiting them.

The anti-child movement, Winn thinks, has the effect of abrogating childhood. Social conditions today encourage a "new precocity." A great many social and cultural changes combine to plunge children into the adult world before they are ready to understand it or deal with it. Packard, on the other hand, stresses the segregation of childhood, the prolonged dependence of children in industrial societies, and the lack of useful work available to young people. These conclusions are not necessarily incompatible. As Bruno Bettelheim explains in his book on fairy tales, *The Uses of Enchantment*, misguided attempts to substitute a more realistic and enlightened morality for the vindictive, punitive sense of justice embodied in fairy tales or to overcome fairy tales' loathsome picture of adult sexuality by propaganda about "healthy" sex actually increase the emotional distance between children and adults. To confront children with information for which they are emotionally unprepared, according to Bettelheim, undermines children's confidence in adult authority. "The child comes to feel that he and they live in different spiritual worlds." Premature exposure to modern scientific rationalism and to adult sexuality "makes for a discontinuity between the generations, painful for both parent and child."

If Bettelheim is right, the question of whether children suffer from a "new precocity" or from an unnecessarily prolonged period of dependence is probably misconceived. Neither way of thinking about the condition of children captures the quality of childhood in a society that appears indifferent to the needs not merely of children but of future generations in general. The neglect of children is part of a broader pattern of neglect that includes the reckless exploitation of natural resources, the pollution of the air and water, and the willingness to risk "limited" nuclear wars as an instrument of national policy.

Neither Winn nor Packard attempts to link the problem of childhood to broader issues. Even when they try to generalize about more limited subjects, they often leave the reader unconvinced, so it is probably just as well that they are content, for the most part, to present a great deal of solid evidence without burdening it with an elaborate structure of interpretation. Winn's inept reconstruction of the history of childhood, by no means essential to her argument, relies entirely on the work of Philippe Ariès and ignores the growing body of historical writing that calls his work into question. Packard's plea for a "national policy on families" is equally suspect. A society that has little use for

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children will not find its way to a better set of attitudes by setting up family allowances, maternity leaves, and high school courses in child development and "parenting." Packard's own evidence indicates that far more fundamental changes are called for. A "family policy" would merely institutionalize the existing state of affairs.

The value of these books lies neither in their ability to provide historical perspectives on childhood nor in the solutions they prescribe. It lies in their honest reporting of facts that undercut the complacent assumption that modern society, having freed itself from the provincial moralities of the past, is entering a new age of enlightenment. The attempt to combine careers and family life, to achieve "open marriage," and to raise sexually liberated and nonsexist children has turned out to be far more difficult than the liberators of the 1960s and 1970s understood. According to Packard, a number of communes have discovered, as one of them put it, that "when responsibility is divided up among so many individuals no one is responsible and chaos ensues." The leader of another commune declares, "We don't go along with the idea that kids are supposed to be raised by a whole bunch of other folks. That makes for crazy kids."

The "parenthood mystique," the "irrevocable decline" of which appeared certain only a few years ago, seems to be enjoying something of a revival, often in the most unlikely places. Let us hope that it soon spreads from Steve Gaskin's communal farm in Tennessee to Scarsdale and Shaker Heights.

CHRISTOPHER LASCH

Christopher Lasch is the author of *The Culture of Narcissism* (Norton).

Reconsideration: Giacomo Leopardi.

MAGUS OF LANGUAGE

BY ROSANNA WARREN

Few writers have meditated as painfully as Leopardi on the difficulty of achieving "a perfect style." His address "Parini, or On Glory," written in the voice of the eighteenth-century poet Giuseppe Parini, expatiates for twelve excruciating chapters on the subject of the physical and intellectual pains of the writer's task. With such a caveat looming over the work, any translator of Leopardi must first be congratulated for sheer intrepidity. So it is in some ways remarkable that not one, but two, new versions nicely complementing each other have recently been published: Ottavio Mark Casale's selection of poems and prose, *A Leopardi Reader* (University of Illinois Press), and W. S. Di Piero's *Pensieri: Giacomo Leopardi* (Louisiana State University Press), a complete translation of the meditations which were first published posthumously in 1845.

"Perfect poetry does not transport well," Leopardi states in a letter included by Casale. Fortunately, the value of Casale's book does not depend on his wooden translations of Leopardi's poems. His volume has quite another ambition. It is, in its way, a literary biography, or the raw material for such a work. Organized chronologically after the sprightly introductory essay, it presents a selection of poems, letters, prose dialogues, and meditations divided into four sections corresponding to the major periods of Leopardi's short life (1798-1837). The documents trace the growth of the bright, active boy into the passionate adolescent philologist, and on into the tormented adult poet. Each section opens with a biographical and critical introduction; in addition, Casale provides a useful set of notes and a well-chosen bibliography.

Though admired by Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, Leopardi is not primarily a philosopher. He is, however, an extremely philosophical poet. Santayana said of him, "This music is a flood of thoughts." He is also a truly great prose stylist and scholar, and his poetry benefits more than most in being set in its general prose context. Key words (*noia, inganno, umano, mortale, infinito*) recur throughout the letters and essays, so that when we come upon them in the distillation of the poetry it is with an uncanny dual emotion of familiarity and surprise. Surprise, because in their settings in the major lyrics the words appear inevitable. Always a magus of language, Leopardi tells us,

> Like jewels in rings, ideas are enclosed in and almost bound to words. Indeed they incarnate as the soul does in the body, making one being in such a way that ideas are inseparable from words, and if they are separated they are no longer the same, they escape our intellect and conception and become unrecognizable, as would our soul if it were parted from the body.

As much as to say: Translator, proceed at your mortal peril.

YET IT IS Leopardi's "philosophy" that has posed the great obstacles to appreciation of his work. Croce was not alone in condemning his pessimism. As Casale points out, William Gladstone and Matthew Arnold are like many other readers in being disturbed by his lack of any sustaining faith, and in faulting the poetry on these moralistic grounds. Yet it is precisely in his refusal of illusion that Leopardi's grandeur and peculiar modernity reside. He himself rarely used the word "pessimism," and rejected the concept as a philosophical dead end. His stance was rather a radical critique in order to keep the mind open to its task of noble questioning. In the *Zibaldone* (hodge-podge, notebook) entry for December 14, 1826, he concludes "that time and space are nothing but ideas, or rather names. And those vast and innumerable questions stirred up from the beginnings of metaphysics to the present . . . are only word battles. . . ." For him, it is only in the intellect that such abstractions have reality, and from the intellect that man derives what dignity he has in a brutal and senseless world. In 1823, Leopardi had already defined the critical enterprise of modern philosophy: small wonder that Nietzsche applauded.

> In comparing ancient with modern philosophy, one finds the latter superior, chiefly because the ancient philosophers all wanted to teach and build up whereas modern philosophy usually does nothing

Rosanna Warren is the author of *Snow Day* (Palaemon Press), a book of poems, and teaches at Boston University.

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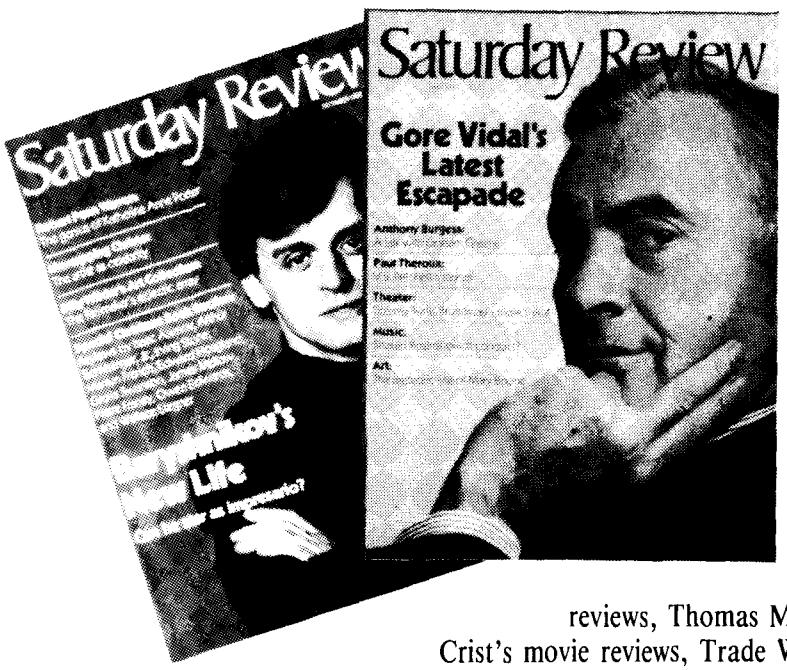

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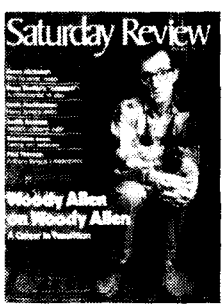

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but disenchant and tear down. . . . And this latter is the true method of philosophizing—not, as some say, because the weakness of our intellect prevents us from finding positive truth, but because in effect the knowledge of truth is nothing other than the stripping away of errors. . . .

An understanding of the suffering from which such thought arose in no way vitiates the thought's integrity. It is true that biographical evidence has been brought to bear on Leopardi's work in scurrilous ways, as in one contemporary characterization of him: a little count croaking like a frog, "There is no God because I am a hunchback, I am a hunchback because there is no God." However, it is clear from Casale's selection that Leopardi's sublime *noia* (ennui, cosmic boredom), and his resolution to live beyond despair, represent a triumph of the spirit. Brought up in a palazzo in a provincial town by a fanatically reactionary father and a mother who wore riding boots, controlled every centesimo of the family finances, and God piously for the early death of children (since they would have no opportunity to besmirch their souls), Count Giacomo Leopardi was not even allowed to walk alone in the street until his early twenties, and first left home—briefly—at the age of twenty-four. Along with this battle for psychological independence he suffered the deterioration of his body. Years of intense study in his father's library made him an accomplished philologist in his teens; but also a hunchback who would strive with bouts of blindness, asthma, dropsy, rachitis, depression, and oozing, foul-smelling sores for the rest of his life.

A Leopardi Reader gives a vivid sense of the human drama along with the developing drama of mind and art. The selection is so good that it seems ungrateful to cavil at exclusions. But we miss the bitter portrait in *Pensiero II* of the father-son relationship: as long as the father lives, the son feels that he is not "a whole person, but merely a part or member." We also miss the declaration of love by Leopardi's mouthpiece Eleandro "I was born to love, I have loved, and perhaps more passionately than any living soul. . . . " Finally, Casale has excluded the Parini address from *Moral Essays*. This is understandable, because the piece is long, but some essential observations on style and on the writer's life could have been excerpted, notably its poignant conclusion:

> Great writers, either by nature or by habit incapable of many pleasures; deprived of others by will; often neglected by their fellow men, if not by the few engaged in their same studies; are destined to live a death-in-life, and to live, if at all, only after they are buried.

A MORE serious question concerns the poetry. We remember Leopardi, after all, as a poet, and not merely as a first-rate nineteenth-century Romantic, but as one of the numinous few who stand outside of time. There is no way to sense the quality of his art from Casale's translations. Not that any other English translator has been equal to the task. Leopardi's simplicity, combined with his repossessed archaic diction, present more than the usual obstacles to the admittedly impossible undertaking of poetic translation.

We have, for instance, Geoffrey Bickersteth's hackneyed antiquarianism, for which there is no excuse, his edition having appeared in 1923. Leopardi's language of a century earlier sounds infinitely more modern and natural. Ezra Pound, too, packed his Leopardi in mothballs: "Such wast thou / Who art now . . ." from "Her Monument, the Image Cut Thereon." Kate Flores, in the 1966 selection *Leopardi, Poems and Prose*, errs in the opposite direction, in that her impulse toward a contemporary English seems to have annihilated her ear: she turns the undulating, elongated, and almost somnolent hendecasyllable line from "*L'Infinito*," "*E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare*," to completely unmetrical clatter: "And it is sweet to drown myself in this sea."

Casale's solution is reasonable, but it is not poetry. He has tried to approximate Leopardi's varying hendecasyllable and seven-syllable lines with iambic pentameters and trimeters of vaguely Wordsworthian cast. This makes a certain sense, because Wordsworth and Leopardi do share a feeling for "common" language as well as for nature. But since Casale's verse lacks the semantic surprise and syntactic force of Wordsworth, the result is a painfully monotonous meter, and a diction at times simply lifeless, and at times inappropriately literary ("O Sylvia mine!"). The difficulty of Leopardi's language is that it is direct and clear while at the same time it occasionally employs words still glimmering from their places in Dante and Petrarch. "*Solingo*," and "*speme*" are two examples: "soli-

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT, 1967

Today it's nearly dusk
when the snow gathers, finally,
on the lawn, the tired side

of the wind turned white
and settling down.
I watch the steady storm

from my mother's rocking chair
upstairs, all roomlights off.
The house below is quiet.

My father, too, may be staring
out the window, straining to see
the fender of the Chevrolet

he banged up on a tree this afternoon;
he will not speak for hours, or days.
My mother, having trouble reading

in the intricate silence,
lays down her book and glides into the kitchen:
she adds potatoes to the sizzling roast.

Up here it hardly matters what they do.
Through the lulling constancy of snow,
I hear the muffled grunts and spatters

of their need, and still I sit,
a dream apart from love. For who am I
to cry, entranced with the night,

and lost to them as if,
unseeing, I looked down
from the darkness of heaven?

THOMAS SIMMONS

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tary" and "hope," but how resonantly charged! And yet Leopardi gives the sense of creating a timeless, not an archaic language.

The poem "To Sylvia" provides a good point of comparison. In this famous anthology piece, Leopardi identifies his own lost illusions with the figure of a beautiful girl who has died young. Here are lines 32 through 39:

Quando sovviemmi di cotanta speme,
Un affetto mi preme
Acerbo e sconsolato,
E tornami a doler di mia sventura.
O natura, o natura,
Perché non rendi poi
Quel che prometti allor? perché di tanto
Inganni i figli tuoi?

Bickersteth is predictably turgid. Here is his rendition of lines 36-39:

O Nature, Nature why
Of all then promised give
Effect to nought thereafter? Why thy sons
So monstrously deceive?

Robert Lowell composed an imitation which does have an inner structure of sound, but a characteristically overemphatic and elaborate one. He sets Sylvia leaping "beyond the limits / of girlhood," whereas she quietly climbs in Leopardi's calm but breathtaking enjambment: "*E tu, lieta e pensosa, il limitare / Di gioventù salivi?*" Lowell diminishes the "Natura" passage with clipped couplets and a fiddlesome net:

Nature, harsh Nature,
why will you not pay
your promise today?
Why have you set
your children a bird-net?

In such company, Casale's version doesn't read *too* badly:

O Nature, Nature, why
Do you not keep the promises you gave?
Why trick the children so?

But he loses the force of "*tanto*," and the crucial fact that the children are Nature's own. And "trick" is an awful dilution of the cosmic deception Leopardi is feeling here. For this passage, John Heath-Stubbs's rendition is perhaps the most suitable, though as a rule he lacks economy in comparison with Casale. At least his inner and slant rhymes recreate some of the original movement:

O Nature, Mother Nature,
Why do you never give
The things you promised then, why so deceive
The mortal sons of men?

Casale has done some other unaccountable things in this poem. Why is the first word, Sylvia's name, blocked off with a full stop when the Italian flows so smoothly? He does pretty well with "*limitare*" where Lowell erected a diving board; Casale gives: "And you, contemplative and gay, climbed toward / the summit of your youth." But he loses the "*vago*" of Sylvia's imagined future, that essential word for Leopardian poetics, the clearly articulated vagueness in which the imagination is set free to roam. Instead, Casale gives us, "You sat, content to concentrate upon / The future beckoning within your mind," sacrificing with the verb "concentrate," that semiconscious meander of mind into future which Leopardi identifies as happiness. His lines all too often settle astride rocking-horse pentameters: "What I felt then within my brimming heart." But his worst violation occurs in the passage just before the address to *Natura*, in which the poet recalls his lost hope, with memory, hope, and oppression ironically rhymed: "*sovviemmi*," "*speme*," "*preme*," tied in still more painfully with "*insieme*," ("together") at the poem's conclusion. "*Quando sovviemi di cotanta speme / Un affetto mi preme*": this aural structure reappears in Casale's pitterpat as: "When I recall those bright anticipations, / Bitterness invades."

IT MAY BE that no one can do better. At least Casale's lines tend to be flexible, and they deliver the recurrent narrative structure of the poems: creation of an illusion, and its subsequent annihilation. Or it may be that these paraphrases, and the personality of Leopardi that emerges from the collected documents, will call forth some poet who can create a corresponding music of illusion and loss in English. For it is the music that ultimately counts. All landscape for Leopardi immediately turns to song, whether from girls singing, a thrush, wind in leaves, a wandering laborer; and it is only music, and musically created silence, that can carry us beyond our mortal limits to "*l'ultimo orrizonte*," the farthest horizon of human desire in "*L'Infinito*."

Quite a different Leopardi comes upon us out of the *Pensieri* as translated by Di Piero. Here he is the social critic, writing, as his translator tells us, "a manual for self-preservation in modern Western society." He is concerned not so much with the analysis of his own

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inner consciousness—which fills so many pages of the *Zibaldone*—as with the theme of appearance and reality in social life. Hence the meditations on hypocrisy, flattery, fame, gossip, calumny, and laughter. Though the *Pensieri*, started in 1832 and published after Leopardi's death, were largely quarried from the *Zibaldone (1817-1832)*, they constitute an entirely separate work. It is in the *Zibaldone* that we find the marvelous description of the double vision of the artist:

> To a sensitive, imaginative man who lives constantly feeling and imagining, as I have for a long time, the world and its objects are, in a certain sense, double. He sees with his eyes a tower, a landscape; he hears with his ears the sound of a bell; and at the same time with his imagination he sees another tower, another landscape, he hears another sound. In this second kind of object resides all the beauty and pleasure of things.

In the *Pensieri*, the doubleness becomes duplicity, and the solitary man is confronted with a host of conspiring others. With controlled moral outrage Leopardi enumerates instance after instance of human deceit. His proposed solution, characteristically, is linguistic:

> . . . Therefore, an undertaking worthy of our age would be to make life finally *action*, real rather than simulated, and to resolve for the first time in history the notorious discrepancy between words and deeds. . . . (*Pensiero XXIII*)

And for once the violently anticlerical Leopardi cites Christ as an authority, pointing in *Pensiero LXXXIV* to His definition of "the world" as "the teacher and celebrator of all false virtues."

Leopardi's style in the *Pensieri* is clear, declarative, and relentless; at times brusque. These are unpleasant truths he is laying out before us, and he has no wish to charm. Casale and Di Piero are fairly close to one another in their unadorned English prose versions. Both are welcome after the fustiness of Major-General Patrick Maxwell (1893), which Wallace Stevens had to depend on. Not only are those translations sometimes misleading, but the selection is extremely limited, and excludes some of the major meditations on *noia*.

DI PIERO, on the whole, is more daring than Casale. He rearranges sentence structures, occasionally breaking a long Italian sentence into two in order to produce a natural English rhythm, whereas Casale's faithfulness to Italian syntax sometimes sounds faintly stilted. The difference becomes apparent in comparing the famous passages on *noia*. *Pensiero LXVII* begins:

> *Poco propriamente si dice che la noia è mal comuno. Commune è l'essere disoccupato, o sfaccendato per dir meglio; non annoiato. La noia non è se non di quelli in cui lo spirito è qualche cosa.*

Casale translates:

> Quite improperly it is said that *noia* is a common ill. It is common to be unoccupied or even idle, but not *annoiato*. *Noia* exists only for those for whom the spirit counts.

It is not unacceptable, but Di Piero's is much more idiomatically English in word order, and catches the shift in tone better between "*disoccupato*" and "*sfaccendato*":

> It is hardly correct to say that *noia* is a common problem. Idleness—or rather, loafing—is common, not *noia*. *Noia* is felt only by those who possess meaningful spirit.

Casale, however, has the better of him in the third sentence, where Di Piero has slipped into a kind of jargon which, mercifully, has no equivalent in the original.

Di Piero's volume is the first complete English text of the *Pensieri*. It is accompanied by the Italian and by an excellent introductory essay that places Leopardi in the context of nineteenth- and twentieth-century intellectual history. Together Casale's *A Leopardi Reader* and Di Piero's *Pensieri* have reintroduced a majestic poet and thinker to the English-speaking world, a man whom Nietzsche judged "the greatest stylist of the century," and ranked with Goethe as a poet-scholar.

COMING:
Justin Kaplan
on
Harold Lloyd.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

we may be in a fix if the American ideal of informality is allowed to run amok. Without a tradition of class and a political order that limits the virtues it would teach, a lot rides on the survival of America's nonpolitical (read: "Protestant," "generally bourgeois," etc.) traditions.

Whatever one might think about this sort of thing, there's no doubt that recognition of the tension between informality and formalism is one of the ways to understand what America is. As much as I am taken with Mansfield's concern, I believe Mr. Fairlie ought to be congratulated for putting a positive face on American informality.

KEN JENSEN
New York, New York

OLD SCHOOL TIES

To the editors:

My review of Louis R. Harlan's *Booker T. Washington: The Wizard of Tuskegee, 1901-1915* ("The Compromiser," TNR, July 18 & 25) erroneously reported that Washington was a graduate of Fisk University. In fact, he was a trustee of Fisk and a graduate of Hampton Institute. His son, Booker T. Jr., attended Fisk.

WILLIAM H. HARBAUGH
Charlottesville, Virginia

ABORTION AND MORALITY

To the editors:

I read your recent editorial on abortion ("The Abortion Perplex," TNR, July 11) with great interest and was pleased, for the most part, on the sensitive and thoughtful support you gave to the pro-choice position. I would like to offer only a few clarifications. You mention the numbers of abortions performed annually in the United States as evidence that abortion may have become, since *Roe v. Wade*, an easy method of birth control for women. What needs to be added is that *prior* to the 1973 Supreme Court decision, the Atlanta Centers for Disease Control estimate that approximately one million abortions were performed *illegally* in this country. Given the increase in women in their childbearing years in the last decade, the actual number of abortions has *not* increased that much; what has decreased dramatically though, is the number of maternal deaths from unsafe procedures. Also, the term "pro-choice" is

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not simply a euphemism. It came about because no sensible person is "pro-abortion" (i.e., "abortion is grand, every woman ought to have one!") and in fact, many of those who support abortion rights would not themselves have abortions.

CAROL PENCKE
Washington State National Abortion Rights Action League
Seattle, Washington

To the editors:
Let me offer some faint praise for your abortion editorial. You guys have been beating on the Right to Life Movement so regularly for so long that I guess the concession that the abortion issue may be a teensy-weensy bit morally ambiguous seems positively revisionist by comparison.

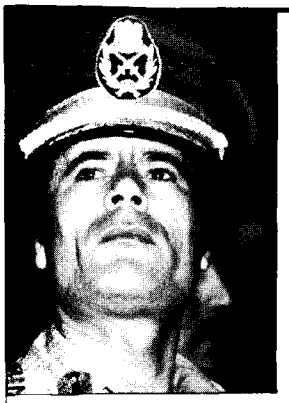
DAVE ANDRUSKO
National Right-to-Life News
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Your otherwise relatively sensitive discussion of abortion was marred by the red-herring analogy to Prohibition. It is not the case that one must choose between the Supreme Court's position and "outlawing" abortion. For example, the Akron regulations recently overturned by the Court did not prohibit any sort of abortion. Again, the Hatch-Eagleton amendment recently defeated by the Senate would have permitted an infinite range of legal responses to abortion. Indeed, that proposal is almost exactly analogous not to the prohibition amendment but to the amendment *repealing* prohibition and restoring to the states the power to regulate liquor. As with liquor, decentralized control of abortion might well result in nuanced legal rules appropriate to the different moral communities in our nation.

RICHARD STITH
Valparaiso, Indiana

To the editors:
To ask "pro-life" advocates, particularly those who deem a fetus in most instances a viable human being with civil rights, to accept that abortion, "while no longer a crime, is not morally neutral either," seems thoughtless—or worse, thoughtfully condescending. One can only wonder what advice you would have given the abolitionists.

JOE CORTESE
Hartland, Michigan



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ST. LOUIS DIARIST

Take my story—please!

I'M IN ST. LOUIS for a meeting of Investigative Reporters and Editors, a journalists' group best known for its investigation of the mob murder of reporter Don Bolles of the *Arizona Republic*. I.R.E.'s members tend to be on the gung-ho end of the reporting spectrum. Two years ago, when I.R.E. met at a luxurious waterfront hotel in San Diego, it could easily have been the target of an outraged story about junketeering—if only everyone who would write such a story hadn't been present. This year, times being what they are, the big perk is a $16 "package trip" to a Cardinals game. Mildly suspicious glances are exchanged as we board the bus and are handed $6 tickets in rows at an altitude normally favored by test pilots from the nearby McDonnell-Douglas plant. (Besides McDonnell-Douglas, maker of DC-10s and F-15s, most of the nation's private aircraft companies, like Cessna and Piper, are located in the Midwest. Something about the combination of long distances and flat landscapes seems to inspire man to take flight.) At last the buses pull away from the hotel—and immediately begin looking for places to park. Busch Stadium is not only within walking distance of the hotel—it can easily be *seen* from the hotel. The five hundred-yard bus ride cost $10, and every one of us street-wise investigative reporters has fallen for it. During the game, stadium officials earnestly circulate through the crowd, checking the I.D.s of beer-buyers—reminding us that St. Louis, big and bustling as it is, still recalls the provincial Midwest of Professor Harold Hill.

WHAT'S ON THE MINDS of America's Woodsteins? The prime topic of conversation is TV news and its portable counterpart, *USA Today*. The going joke has *USA Today* demanding that the Pulitzers add new categories for "investigative weather" and "best paragraph." Needless to say, I have qualms about *USA Today*. But enough already with the snob put-downs. I'm weary of being told I must be a mental mutant because I like sports, color, and knowing whether it's going to rain. Ben Bagdikian recently took to the *Columbia Journalism Review* to turn up his nose at *USA*'s weather page, saying, "One has to ask whether a full page . . . should be used for a secondary subject." Better perhaps an in-depth analysis of the mixed signals from Mauritania? I suspect that the main reason newspeople are upset about Al Neuharth's baby is that he did something they swore up and down was impossible: he made a new newspaper succeed. For years major newspapers have been singing the blues about shifting demographics, declining literacy, and certain doom—all the while asking Congress for the kinds of special bail outs they condemn in every other enterprise. (Newspapers can get antitrust exemptions to establish joint operations, and have asked the legislature to handicap their videotext competitors.) Now along comes *USA Today* and its wild success. Instead of despairing, Neuharth took some risks and found some new ideas, such as complete sports coverage (no other paper in the country has it) and round-the-states news (millions of Americans are from somewhere else, and long for a tidbit about their hometowns). Give him a break.

PRINT JOURNALISM'S HOSTILITY to television runs deeper, and is more serious. Marion Goldin, a "60 Minutes" veteran and now ABC News senior producer, speaks to I.R.E. and is greeted by knife-edged complaints about story-stealing and TV money. Story-stealing is a sensitive issue. Much of what is presented on TV as stunning revelation began life in a newspaper or magazine. Television can get away with this because even the best read paper or periodical is seen by only a tiny percentage of TV's audience, so few viewers catch on. The print journalists' objection is obvious—we do the dirty work, TV waltzes in to skim the glory and the profits. Of course, Wilde might say that the only thing worse than having television steal your story is not having television steal your story. When TV steals a story it performs an important function, by spreading the message to a far larger segment of the public than print could ever dream of reaching. I have always wondered, though, why TV is generally allergic to even a single-sentence mention of a story's original source. Here's my theory: TV newscasters have celebrity, prestige, and wealth, but they long to be considered more than just copyreaders. If newscasters acknowledged the origins of stolen stories, their celebrity, prestige, and wealth would be undiminished, but their illusion of being "real" reporters would disappear.

"REAL" REPORTERS cherish illusions too, of course. One is that we have a monopoly on quality. We don't; TV news can be excellent and at times indispensable. Another is that the salaries paid TV newscasters are some sort of crime against humanity. They're inflated, to be sure, and probably silly, but so are the salaries of the network executives who hire the newscasters. Why is Dan Rather's salary more an outrage than Gene Jankowski's? What bothers me is not TV news' spending at the top, but at the bottom. Because it can rely on newspapers and magazines, TV news spends very little on the footsoldier-level reporters who do routine "beat" coverage of government and business institutions. TV news will chopper in a megabucks electronic SWAT team whenever it learns something is happening, but without some print reporter's tip-off, how will it know? When Goldin was asked to name a serious reporting story ABC had done, she cited a "20/20" segment on charges that Pratt & Whitney, the jet-engine manufacturer, had padded its government contracts with entertainment expenses. That segment was much to ABC's credit—and also was stolen (from Clark Mollenhoff of *The Washington Times*, who uncovered the story as part of his beat.) This gets to the essence. When TV takes a story and converts it to profit ("60 Minutes" is the nation's top-ranked show) via use of its publicly granted broadcast license—a profit the originator of the story never shares—the public is nonetheless served, because it is better informed. But when TV doesn't plow that profit back into news-gathering, relying on print to do the job, the public is cheated. So I don't fear TV news or *USA Today*; may they prosper. I just hope they'll have something to report. From St. Louis, this is TNR correspondent—

GREGG EASTERBROOK

Gregg Easterbrook is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

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The ability of foreign governments to flood United States consumers with below-cost products results from policies known as "targeting." Briefly, targeting works like this:

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When this happens, American manufacturing industries and their workers are the victims. They become targeted for extinction.

Don't think that low wage industries are immune. The consumer electronics industry in the United States is a case in point. Though its wages were not high, that industry lost 63,000 jobs to targeting by the Japanese and other governments.

The latest example of targeting is unusually dramatic. It threatens the whole American steel-making industry—and the iron and coal mines which supply it. U. S. Steel is negotiating to import 3½ million tons a year of steel slabs from the government-owned British Steel Corporation for finishing at the Fairless Works near Philadelphia.

Steel-making furnaces which employ 3,000 workers at Fairless would be closed. Worse, competitive pressure would soon force other domestic companies to close their furnaces and import subsidized semi-finished steel.

U. S. Steel spokesmen have announced that the Company is asking British Steel for a $600 million investment, as its price for this piece of the American steel market. The British government is thus able to take dead aim at this target. No long range planning will be needed—just pay the money and ship the steel.

If the U. S. Steel-British Steel deal is ever finalized, it will violate U. S. trade laws. We will oppose it on this and other legal grounds.

But win or lose on this case, the basic problem will still exist.

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